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ROSARIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

All the long summer day's delicious hours,
When solitude brought loneliness to me,
I made my rosaries of the fairest flowers,
And linked to each some memory of thee.

And when with twilight, day with darkness blended,
'Twas sweet to tell them as the bright hours passed;
Glad was my heart when one more day was ended,
Knowing love's penance would be o'er at last.

Ah, it was joy to think of thee, my sweet!
My soul had striven a holy cross to bear,
To turn from thee—to heaven,—yet, pious cheat,
Even then thy name was whispered in its prayer.

Yet then I knew not how to rightly fashion
The cross that should the rosary complete;
Knowing no pang but parting's gentle passion,
And absence made the advent still more sweet.

Yet now has come my certain retribution,
The rosary broken at the ruined shrine,—
Oh, heart! that felt its sudden dissolution,
The thrill that loosed its cords has broken thine.

Now my sad chain I make of retrospection,
Intangible beads of vain regrets to wear;
The memories of a dead and lost affection,
Henceforth to heaven my bitter orisons bear.

Thy love's pure pearls that vainly have been cast
Beneath the trampling feet of doubts and fears,
Now 'mid the dust and ashes of the Past,
I sorrowing seek them, washing them with tears.

With those I gather, stained and crushed and broken—
Strung with the ruby drops this sad heart bleeds,
And retribution's cross of pain unspoken—
Again repentant, shall I tell my beads.

HARRIETTE F. BARBER.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

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CHAPTER III.

THE TABLE IN THE HALL.

"Are *you* there, you little imp?"

The words were Mr. Edwin Barley's. As the breath went out of Philip King's body, Edwin Barley quietly let his head, which he had been in the act of raising, fall again, and stood there looking down upon him, a soft noise, something like a whistle, proceeding from his lips. He raised his hands and seemed to feel them, and then, setting his gun to lodge against a tree, he knelt down and put his ear to his mouth. Then he rose, and was turning away when he saw me. A half start of surprise, and he spoke the above words.

I cried and shook, but was too terrified to give any other answer.

"What were you doing here in the wood?"

"I lost my way and could not get out, sir," I sobbed, trembling lest he should press for further details. "That gentleman saw me, and was saying he would show me the way, when he fell."

"Had he been here long?"

"I don't know. I was crying, and not looking up. It was only a minute ago that I saw him standing there."

"Did you see who fired the shot?"

"Oh, no."

He laid hold of me, drew me along a few steps, and showed me one of the paths.

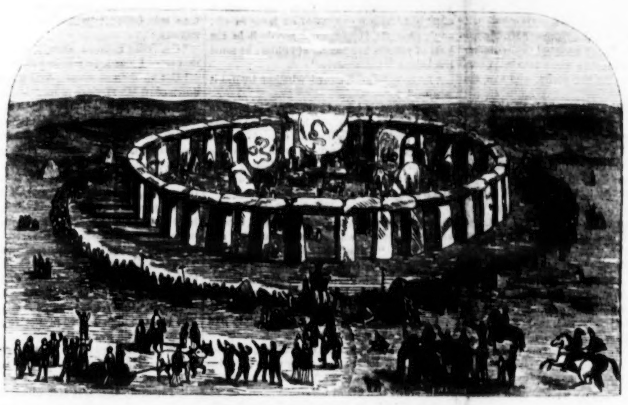
"Run straight along there, and you will come out in view of the house; you know your way then. Tell Charlotte Delves what has occurred, that Philip King is dead, has been shot; and that she must send help to carry him home. She must also send to Hallam for the doctor, and for the police. Can you remember that?"

I said I could; anything to get away from him; but in truth I was too agitated to hear distinctly. I was speeding along and had got some trifling distance, when an arm was stretched out from the trees to stay me; there stood George Heneage, his finger on his lips to impose silence and caution, and his face looking as I had never seen it look before, white as death.

"Whose voice is that?" he whispered.

"Mr. Edwin Barley's. Oh, sir, don't stop me; I am afraid; Mr. King is dead."

"Is it sure?"



STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

The adoration of fire was enjoined on the people by the Druids, as necessary to their acceptance with the gods. They taught them to worship both sun and moon; the kindling of huge fires at the beginning of summer and the close of autumn, was one of the ordinances of their faith. They likewise worshipped water; indeed it is probable that they worshipped all the powers of Nature. Amongst other things they adored the serpent, and regarded with peculiar veneration the anguinum, or serpent's egg, about which a grotesque story was told, which Pliny has recorded.

As to the form of worship, very little is known with certainty, but it appears that they held their services in the open air, within enclosures of huge stone—rude, gigantic altars; that they assembled on certain days of festivals in immense numbers; that invocations were offered by the priests moving round the altars from east to west, in imitation of the sun. On other occasions they met for solemn sacrifice, and indulged in the most horrid and degrading rites, shooting some of their victims with arrows, impaling and crucifying others, but consuming the large majority in an image of wicker work, as an acceptable offerings to the gods.

The most interesting remains of the Druidical worship are found at Carnac in France and Stonehenge in England. The accompanying engraving represents the latter as it probably appeared two thousand years ago. The scattered stones sufficiently define both the extent and figure of the original structure, to enable the artist to prepare a "restored" view.

The Celtic stones at Stonehenge are grouped in the centre of a field, and were originally disposed so as to form two circles and two ovals. The external circle is about three hundred feet in circumference, and composed of enormous upright stones supporting others, which form a sort of architrave. There were originally thirty of these stones, ten of which, we believe, are still remaining. The inner circle is composed of smaller stones, about eight feet inside the outer circle. These stones are supposed to have been forty in number. Within these two circles were two ovals—one of lofty upright stones, and another of smaller stones, forming the innermost sanctuary.

These very curious remains have suffered both from time and tourists—formerly, much damage was done by visitors, anxious to carry away a memento of their visit. We are glad to find that these practices have been discontinued; and Stonehenge will probably bear witness for many centuries to the faith of the Druids.

"Oh, yes, he is dead," I said, speaking as positively as I, in my terror, felt. "I am to tell Charlotte Delves to send for the police. Mr. Heneage, did you do it?"

"*I!* You silly child!" he returned, in an accent of rebuke. "There, go along, and don't tremble so."

He stole away amid the trees, and I flew onwards, my fear increasing. That I was of an imaginative, excitable, and timid nature, there was no doubt; and, to such, these sort of shocks are dreadful. I did gain the house, but only to fall into a fit of hysterical, nervous sobs and cries; it was utterly impossible for me, in that state, to enter upon the tale.

But meanwhile it appeared that help arrived from some other quarter. A posse of the laborers on the estate in going home from work, chose the short cut through the wood, and were heard and called to by Mr. Edwin Barley. They took a shutter off the lodge window, and placed the body on it. The servants had me in the kitchen, whither I had first run, and I was clinging to one of them, my face hid, sobbing, moaning, and catching up my breath hysterically, when Duff, as he was called, a young laborer, entered hastily.

"I say," said he, "you haint a making ready much. It's a coming on close."

"What's a coming on?" asked Jemima, who was ever ready with her tongue.

"The young heir's dead corpse. 'Tother have shot him in the wood."

Jemima gave a scream. They were at no loss to understand who was meant by the "young heir," it was what Philip King, since his brother's death, had been mostly styled. But at that moment Charlotte Delves came into the kitchen, and Duff took off his hat in deference to her, and explained.

She turned as white as a sheet, white as George Heneage had looked, and sat down upon a chair.

"He cannot be dead, Duff."

"He's dead as a door nail, miss; I can't be mistaken in a dead corpse, miss, for I've seen a few, father being the grave digger. Besides, master said as he watched the life go out of him."

"And *who* do you say did it?"

"Ah, I don't know nothing of my own knowledge," returned Duff, "and least said is soonest mended. They must settle that among 'em. Master have sent Robin into Hallam, and he hastened me on here to see as the hall table was cleared; he's to be laid there. Will some of ye look to it, please."

There was no time to be lost. Even as the man spoke, the measured tread of men, bearing a burden, was heard in the stillness of the evening. Every soul that the kitchen contained flew into the hall, so powerful is curiosity. I followed in their wake, afraid to be left alone, and crouched down on the mat behind the door; the worst place I could have chosen, for it was near to the large table. He was laid upon the table, and the shutter drawn from under him.

"Light the lamp," said Mr. Edwin Barley.

He was obeyed, and the light fell upon the upturned, ghastly face. Not that I could see it, but I knew that they could, by the women shrieking out. It was one indescribable scene of confusion; questions, cries, exclamations, and alarm. Mr. Edwin Barley, who had been engaged with the corpse, turned round in anger.

"Clear out, all of you. What do you mean by this uproar? You men can stay in the barn, you may be wanted," he said to the out-door laborers: "and you," turning to the servants, "go about your business; if you are required, you'll be called for."

They disappeared with alacrity; Mr. Edwin Barley was one who brooked no delay in being obeyed; and I sat on in the shadow, shivering; conscious that none knew of my being there, and for that very reason not daring to move and show myself. Another thing: I must have brushed past that table, close between it and the wall, and I did not care to look at what it bore. Charlotte Delves remained, and she drew to the side of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"How did it happen?" she whispered.

"Charlotte, get me some brandy, and a teaspoon. He is certainly dead, as I believe; but that's no reason why remedies should not be tried. Make haste; bring it in a wine-glass."

She went into the dining-room, and Mrs. Edwin Barley came running down the stairs. She had on her dinner-dress, black silk trimmed with crape, but no ornaments; she had not waited to put them on.

"What in the world is this disturbance?" cried out she. "I should have been here five minutes before, but that my dress was off, and my hair down. What's that on the table?"

Mr. Edwin Barley turned his face round to her.

"Come and see."

She came tripping up, believing, as she said afterwards, that it was a great load of game flung there: the gray and brown woollen plaid which they had spread over him from the neck downwards, not looking unlike the color of partridge feathers in the artificial light.

"It is Philip King!" she shrieked. "Oh, what is it? what is it? What is amiss with him?"

"Don't you see what it is?" Mr. Edwin Barley answered, in a tone of concentrated mockery. "It is murder. He has been shot down by a bullet in the wood."

A strange sort of noise broke from her. It was not a scream, it was not a groan; it resembled more a moan of pain, mingled with terror, and in sound was not unlike the bark of a dog.

"Who did it?" she shivered.

"You."

"*I!*" came from her ashy lips. "Are you going mad, Mr. Barley?"

"It has come from your work, if you did not positively draw the trigger. I hope you are satisfied with it."

Charlotte Delves came forward with the wine-glass and a teaspoon. Mr. Barley filled the spoon and attempted to pour it down the throat of Philip King. Mrs. Barley shuddered, drew away, sat down upon the lower step of the stairs, and bent her face upon her knees.

"Was it an accident, or—or—done deliberately?" inquired Charlotte Delves, as she stood by him.

"It was deliberate murder."

"By—by whom?"

"It is of no use, Charlotte," was all he said, giving her back the teaspoon. "He is quite dead."

Hasty footsteps were heard coming along the avenue, and then running up the steps to the door. They proved to be those of Mr. Lowe, the surgeon from Hallam.

"I was walking over to Smith's, to dine, Mr Edwin Barley, and met one of your laborers here by the gate," he exclaimed, in a loud tone, as he entered. "He said some accident had happened to young King."

"Accident enough," said Mr. Edwin Barley. "Here he lies."

For a few moments nothing more was said. Mr. Lowe was stooping over the table, and I saw my Aunt Selina lift her head, and look and listen eagerly.

"I was trying to give him some brandy when you came in," observed Mr Edwin Barley.

"He'll never take brandy or any thing else again," was the reply of Mr. Lowe. "He is dead."

"As I feared. Was as sure of it, in fact, as a non-professional man can well be. I believe that he died in the wood, a minute or two after the shot was fired."

"Who fired it?—what were the circumstances?"

"I'll tell you all I know. We had been out shooting, he, I and Heneage. He and Heneage were not upon cordial terms; had been sour, crabbed with each other all day. Coming home, Heneage dropped us; whether to go forward or to lag behind, I am unable to say. After that, we met Smith—as he can tell you, if you are going to his house. He stopped me about that right of common business, and began discussing what would be the better mode of our proceeding against the fellows. Philip King, whom it did not interest, said he should go on, and Smith and I sat down on the bench outside the beer-shop, and called for a pint of cider. Half-an-hour we may have sat there, and then I started for home through the wood, which cuts off the corner—"

"Philip King having gone forward, as you say."

"Of course. I was nearly through it, when I heard a movement not far off, and a gun was fired. A terrible scream, a man's scream, succeeded, and looking in its direction, I discerned Philip King. He leaped up with the scream, and then fell to the ground. I went to his succor, and asked who had done it.—'George Heneage,' was his answer; he had seen him raise his gun, take aim, and fire upon him."

An impulse prompted me to interrupt: to say that Mr. Edwin Barley's words went beyond the truth. All that Philip King had said was, that he saw George Heneage, saw him stand there. But fear was more powerful than impulse, and I remained silent.—How could I dare contradict Mr. Edwin Barley?

"It must have been an accident," said Mr. Lowe; "Mr. Heneage must have aimed at a bird."

"Oh, dear, no; it was deliberate murder, there's no doubt. My ward swore it to me with his dying lips. They were his own words. I expressed a doubt, as you are doing. 'It was Heneage,' he said; 'I tell it you with my dying lips.' A bad man!—a villain!" Mr. Barley emphatically added: "Another day or two, and I should have kicked him out of my house; I waited but a decent pretext."

"If he is that, why did you have him in it?" asked the surgeon.

"Because it is but recently that my eyes have been opened to him. This poor fellow," pointing to the dead, "was the one to lift their scales in the first instance. Pity the other is not the one lying here; he would be, did he have his deserts."

Wild sobs of hysterical emotion broke at this *moment* from the foot of the stairs. They came from my aunt Selina, who was affected in a similar way to what I had been, only more violently.

"What's that?" cried the surgeon, turning hastily round.

And Charlotte Delves came running forward saying that Mrs. Edwin was in hysterics.

"She has just seen his face here, and was frightened at it," observed Mr. Edwin Barley to the surgeon.

Mr. Lowe wished to persuade her to retire from the scene, but she would not, and there she sat on, growing calm by degrees. The surgeon measured something in a teaspoon into a wine-glass, filled it up with cold water, and made her drink it. Then he took his leave, saying that he would call in again in the course of the evening. Not a minute had he been gone when Mr. Martin burst into the hall.

"What is this report?" he cried in agitation. "People are saying that Philip King is killed."

"They might have said murdered," said Mr. Edwin Barley. "Heneage shot him in the wood."

"Heneage!"

"Heneage. Took aim, and fired at him, and killed him. There never was a case of more deliberate murder."

"Poor fellow!" said the clergyman gently, as he leaned over him and touched his face. "I have seen for some days they were not cordial; what ill blood could have been between them?"

"Heneage had better explain that, when he makes his defence," said Mr. Edwin Barley, grimly.

"It is but a night or two ago that we were speculating on his health, upon his taking a profession; we might have spared ourselves the pains, poor lad. I asked you who was his heir at law, little thinking another would so soon inherit."

Mr. Edwin Barley made no reply.

"Why—good heavens!—is that Mrs. Edwin, sitting there?" he inquired in a low tone, as his eyes fell on the distant stairs.

"She won't move away. These things do terrify women. Don't notice her, Martin: she will be better left to herself."

"Upon my word, this is a startling and sudden blow. But you must surely be mistaken, in calling it murder."

"There's no mistake about it: it was willful murder; and I will pursue him to the death."

"Have you secured him. If it really is murder, he ought to meet his deserts. Where is he?"

Mr. Barley broke out with an ugly word. It was a positive fact—account for it how you will—that until that moment he had never given a thought to the securing George Heneage. "What a fool I have been!" he uttered, "what an idiot! He has had time to escape."

"He cannot have escaped far."

"Stay here will you, Martin. I'll send the laborers after him: he may be hiding in the wood till the night's darker."

Mr. Edwin Barley hastened from the hall, and the clergyman bent over the table again. I had my face turned to him and was scarcely conscious, until it had past, of something dark that glided from the back of the hall and followed Mr. Barley out. With him gone, to whom I had taken so unaccountable a dislike and dread, it was my favorable moment for escape, and I was about to get out how I best could, when another scream of terror broke from me and betrayed my hiding place.

At what? will be asked. Simply at this. In moving I put my hand to the ground on the flags beyond the mat, and found it wet. Something had dropped from the table and trickled towards me which had dyed my fingers red. The clergyman turned sharply round at the scream.

"I declare it is little Miss Hereford!" he exclaimed very kindly. "What brought you there, my dear?"

I sobbed out the explanation. That I had crouched down in the shade before they brought *that* in, and then I was afraid to move. "Don't tell, sir, please, for Mr. Barley to be angry with me; don't tell him I was there."

"He would not be angry at a little girl's very natural fears," he answered, stroking my hair: "who could be? But I will not tell him. Will you stay by your aunt, Mrs. Edwin Barley?"

"Yes please, sir."

"But where is Mrs. Edwin?" he resumed, as he went on, for the stairs were empty.

"I was wondering too," said Charlotte Delves, who stood at the dining-room door. "A minute ago she was there. I turned in to the room for a moment and when I came back she was gone."

"She must have gone up stairs, Miss Delves."

"I suppose she has, Mr. Martin," was Miss Delves reply. But a thought came over me that it must have been Mrs. Edwin Barley who had glided out at the hall door.

And, in point of fact, it was. She was sought for up stairs and could not be found; she was sought for down. Whither had she gone? On what errand was she bent? One of those raw damp fogs, prevalent in the autumn months, had come on, making the air as wet as if it had rained, and she had no out-door things on, no bonnet, and her black silk dinner dress had a low body and short sleeves. Whither could she have gone?

Not far from the staircase was a door opening to a passage which led to the kitchen and other domestic offices. Peeping in at this door, was the head of Jemima: I ran out and laid hold of her.

"Oh, Jemima, let me stop by you!"

"Hark!" she whispered, putting her arm round me. "There's some horses a galloping up to the house."

Two police officers, mounted. They gave their horses in charge to one of the men servants and came into the hall, the scabbards of their swords clanking against the steps.

"I don't like the look of them sort of gentry," whispered Jemima. "Let's go away."

In the kitchen were Sarah and the cook; the latter a tall, stout woman with a rosy colour and black eyes. Her chief concern seemed to be for the dinner.

"Look here," she exclaimed to Jemima as she stood over her saucepans, "every thing's a spiling. Who's to know whether they'll have it served in one hour or in two?"

"I should think they wouldn't have it served at all," returned Jemima. "That sight in the hall's enough dinner for them to-day, one would suppose. The police are come now."

"It is a sickener," said the cook. "I know in going after it, worse luck to me, and seeing of it, it took everything else clean out of my head. I forgot my soles were on the fire, and when I got back there they were burnt to the pan. I wish to goodness they'd either have dinner, or countermand it, keeping me at six and sevens, like this. I want to wash up and get the kitchen clear."

"Listen!" interrupted Sarah. "Here's somebody coming. It's that Charlotte Delves."

Miss Delves entered, and the cook appealed to her about the dinner.

"It won't be eatable, miss, if it's kept much longer. Some of the dishes is half cold, and some's dried up to a scratchin."

"There's no help for it, cook; you must manage it in the best way you can," was her reply. "It is a dreadful thing to have happened, but I suppose dinner must be served all the same for the master and Mrs. Edwin."

"Miss Delves, is it true what they are saying—that it was Mr. Heneage who did it?" inquired Sarah.

"Suppose you meddle yourself with your own affairs, and let alone what does not concern you," was Miss Delves's reprimand.

She left the kitchen. Jemima made a motion of contempt after her, and gave the door a bang.

"She'll put in *her* spoke against Mr. Heneage I know, for she didn't like him; but I am confident it was never him that did it—unless his gun went off accidental."

For a full hour by the clock we stayed in the kitchen, the cook reducing herself to a state of exasperated despair over the uncalled-for dinner. And all that while no one came in to interrupt. The men-servants had been sent out, some to one place, some to another. The cook made us some coffee and cut some bread-and-butter, but I don't think anybody touched the latter. I thought by that time my aunt must surely be come in, and asked Jemima to take me up stairs to her. A policeman was in the hall as we passed through it, and Charlotte Delves and Mr. Martin were sitting in the dining-room, whence they could see the table in the hall. Mrs. Edwin Barley was nowhere to be found, and we went back to the kitchen. I began to cry: a dreadful fear came upon me that she might have gone away forever, and left me to the companionship of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Come and sit down here, child," said the cook in a motherly way, as she placed a low stool near the fire. "It's enough to frighten her, poor little stranger, to have this happen, just as she comes into the house."

"I say, though, where can missis be?" echoed Jemima in a low tone to the rest, as I drew the stool into the shade and sat down, leaning my head against the wall.

Presently Miss Delves's bell rang. It was for some hot water, which Jemima took up. Somebody was going to have brandy and water, she said; perhaps Mr. Martin, she did not know. Her master was in the hall then, and Mr. Barley, of the Oaks, with him.

"Who's Mr. Barley of the Oaks, Jemima?" I asked.

"He's master's elder brother, miss. He lives at the Oaks, about three miles from here. Such a nice place it is, ten times better than this. When the old gentleman died, he came into that, and Mr. Edwin into this."

Then there was silence again, for half an hour, quite. I sat with my eyes closed, and I heard them say I was asleep. The young farm laborer, Duff, came in at last.

"Well," said he, "it have been a useless chase. I wonder whether I'm wanted for anything else?"

"Where have you been?" asked Jemima.

"Scouring the wood, seven of us: and them two mounted pelice is a dashing about the roads. All in search of Mr. Heneage: and we haven't found him."

"Duff, Mr. Heneage no more did it than you did."

"That's all you know about it," was Duff's answer. "Master telled the pelice that it was wilful murder; that there was ill-blood between him and young King, and Heneage levelled his gun and took aim, and shot him down. Anyway he must be guilty, the pelice says, or he wouldn't have made off."

"How did master know?"

"Because young King said it when master got up to him, just as the breath was going out of his body."

"If Mr. Heneage has gone, it's a bad sign for him," observed the cook: "folks with clear consciences don't take to flight. Suppose I was accused of sending up a poisoned dinner? If I knew I was innocent, should I make off, and leave folks to think me guilty? No; I should stop and fight it out with 'em and see if I couldn't bring my innocence to light. That's human natur—as *I* take it to be. Have a dish of coffee, Duff?"

"Thank ye," answered he. "I'd be glad on't."

She was placing the cup before him, when he suddenly leaned forward from the chair he had taken, speaking in a covert whisper.

"I say, who d'ye think was in the wood, a scouring it, up one path and down another, as much as ever we was?"

"Who?" asked the three in a breath.

"The young missis. She hadn't got a earthly thing on her but just what she sits in, indoors. He head was bare and her neck and arms was bare; and there she was, a racing up and down like one demented."

"Tush!" said the cook. "You must have seen double. What should bring the young missis a dancing about the wood like that, Duff, at this time o' night?"

"I tell ye I see her. I see her three times over."

"It was her fetch, then."

"No it wasn't; it was herself," returned Duff. "May be, she was a looking for him, too: at any rate, there she was, and with nothing on, as if she'd started out in a hurry and had forgot to dress herself. If she don't catch her death it's odd to me," he added, nodding his head solemnly. "The fog's as thick as pea soup, and wets you worse than rain."

Duff's words were true. As he spoke, the drawing-room bell rang, and Jemima went to answer it. She came back, laid hold of me without speaking and took me up to it. Mrs. Edwin Barley stood there, just come in: she was shaking like a leaf with the damp and cold, and her hair was hanging down with wet. She had been roaming the wood in search of George Heneage, to warn him, that he might escape. In a more collected moment would she have spoken of this to me? Surely not.

"I could not find him," she uttered, kneeling down before the fire and holding out her shivering arms to the blaze; "I hope and trust he has escaped. One man's life is enough for me to have upon my hands, without having two."

"Oh, Aunt Selina! you did not take Philip King's life?"

"No, I did not take it. And I have been guilty of no wrong, no crime; I declare it before my Maker!" she burst forth in a frenzy of excitement. "But I did set them one against the other, Anne, in my vanity and wilfulness."

"Aunt Selina, why did you stay out in the wet fog?"

"I was looking for him."

"But suppose you should have caught your death? Duff said—"

"What if I have?" she interrupted. "I'd as soon die as live. Hark! who's this?"

Footsteps, as of one or two men, were coming up the stairs. Selina darted to that side door, which she had spoken of as leading to her bedroom, and pulled it open with a wrench. Something seemed to give way, perhaps the lock or bolt. She disappeared, leaving me standing alone on the hearth rug.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE HENEAGE? OR MR. EDWIN BARLEY?

He who first entered the room was a gentleman of middle age and size. His complexion was healthy and ruddy; his hair black, sprinkled with gray, was cut short and combed down upon the forehead; and his eyes were small. It was a good-humored, country countenance, but a simple one, and its owner was Mr. Barley of the Oaks; not the least resemblance did he bear to his brother. Following him was one in an official dress, who was probably superior to a common policeman, for his manners were good, and Mr. Barley called him "Sir." It was not the same who had been in the hall.

"Oh, this—this must be the little girl," observed Mr. Barley. "Are you Mrs. Edwin's niece, my dear—Miss Hereford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where she is?"

I said I thought she was in her bedroom. It appeared to have transpired that a quarrel had taken place between Mr. Heneage and Philip King, on the Friday, and the officer had now been in the kitchen to question Jemima. The latter disclaimed all knowledge of it, beyond the fact that she had passed little Miss Hereford on the stairs, who was frightened and crying, having run out of the drawing-room lest Mr. Heneage and Mr. King, who were quarrelling, should fight. He had come up stairs to question me.

"Now, my little maid, try and recollect," said the officer, drawing me to him; "what did they quarrel about?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered. And I spoke the literal truth, for I had not understood at the time.

"Can you not recollect?"

"I can recollect," I said, looking at him and feeling that I did not shrink from him though he was a policeman. "Mr. King seemed to have done something wrong, for Mr. Heneage was angry with him, and called him a spy; but I did not know what it was that he had done. I think I was too frightened to listen; I ran out of the room."

"Then you did not hear what the quarrel was about?"

"I did not understand, sir. Except that they said Mr. King was mean, and a spy."

"They!" he repeated, catching me quickly up," who else was in the room?"

"My aunt Selina."

"Whose part did she take? That of Mr. Heneage, or of Mr. King?"

"That of Mr. Heneage."

"How did the quarrel end? Amicably, or in evil feeling?"

"I don't know, sir. I went away and stayed in my bedroom."

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Edwin, may be able to tell you more about it, as she was present," interposed Mr. Barley.

"I dare say she can," was the officer's reply. "It seems a curious thing altogether; that two gentlemen should be visiting at a house, and one should shoot the other. How long had they been staying here?"

"Let's see," said Mr. Barley, rubbing his forefinger upon his forehead. "It must be a month, I fancy, sir, since they came. Heneage was here first, some days before Philip."

"Where they acquainted previously?"

"I—think—not," said Mr. Barley, speaking with hesitation. "Heneage was here on a visit in the middle of the summer, but not Philip, whereas Philip was here at Easter, and the other was not. No, sir, I believe they were not acquainted before, but my brother can tell you."

"Who is this Mr. Heneage?"

"Don't you know? He is the son of Heneage, the baronet, member for Wexborough. Oh, he is of very respectable family; very. A sad blow it will be for them, if things turn out as black as they look. Will he get clear off, think you?"

"You may depend upon it, he would not have got off far, but for this confounded fog that has come on," warmly replied the police officer. "We shall have him to-morrow, no doubt."

"I never hardly saw such a fog at this time of year," observed Mr. Barley. "I couldn't see a yard before me as I came along. Upon my word it almost seems as if it had come on on purpose to screen him."

"Was he a pleasant man, this Heneage?"

"One of the nicest fellows you ever met, sir," was Mr. Barley's impulsive reply. "The last week or two Edwin seems to have taken some spite against him; I don't know what was up between them, for my part, he espoused Philip King's side against him probably, but I liked Heneage, what I saw of him, and thought him an uncommon good fellow. My brother and his wife met him in London last spring when they were there, and became intimate with him."

"Heneage derives no benefit in any way, by property or else, from his death?" observed the policeman, speaking half as a question, half as a soliloquy.

"It's not likely, sir. The only person to benefit is my brother. He comes in for the estate."

The officer raised his eyes.

"Your brother comes in for Mr. King's fortune, do you mean to say?"

"Yes, he does. And I'll be bound he never gave a thought to the inheriting of it. How should he, from a young and hearty lad like Philip? Edwin has croaked over Philip's death of late, said he was consumptive, and going the way of his brother Reginald; but I saw nothing amiss with Philip."

"May I ask why you don't inherit, being the eldest brother?"

Mr. Barley shook his head.

"He was no blood relation to me. My father married twice; I was the son of the first wife, who died when I was born; Edwin was the son of the second and Philip King's father and Edwin's mother were cousins. Philip had no relative living but my brother, therefore he comes in for all."

Mrs. Edwin Barley appeared at the door, and paused there as if listening to the conclusion of the last sentence. Mr. Barley turned and saw her, and she came forward. She had twisted up her damp hair, and thrown on a shawl of white China crape. Her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks carmine; beautiful she looked altogether.

The officer questioned her as to the cause of the quarrel which she had been present at, but she would give him no satisfactory answer. She "could not remember;" "Philip King was in the wrong, she knew that;" "the officer must excuse her talking, for her head ached, and her brain felt confused." Such was the substance; all, in fact, that he could get from her. He bowed and withdrew, and Mr. Barley followed him down stairs.

"Anne," she said, in a low tone, touching me on the shoulder, "look over the banisters and see where they go to. Look who is in the hall."

The same policeman was in the hall, sitting down now, and the voices of Mr. Martin and Mr. Edwin Barley sounded in the dining-room, as the other two went into it. Charlotte Delves ran up the stairs, and saw me leaning over.

"Peeping, Miss Hereford! Is that a lady's work?"

It was upon my tongue to say it was not *my* work, but I stopped it.

"What about the dinner, Mrs. Edwin?" she asked, as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Delves! How can you calmly ask about dinner at such a time as this?"

"The cook would only be glad to know whether it is to be kept hot still, or whether it may be put away. It is getting on for ten o'clock, and has been at the fire all this while."

"I don't know. Perhaps some of them may eat it," she slowly said. "I shall not go down. Let it be served, and the gentlemen can sit down if they please."

Charlotte Delves went out and closed the door. My aunt bolted it after her, and then beckoned me to her side.

"Now, Anne, I must have a little conversation with you. When I sent you running to the wood, did you meet either Mr. Heneage or Philip King?"

"I did not meet either, aunt. I went into the wood, and in looking about I lost my way. I was frightened, and began to cry, and then I saw Mr. King standing by a tree opposite, and laughing at me."

"You saw him!" she uttered, catching up her breath and speaking in eagerness.

"Yes. He asked why I was crying, and said he would show me the way out. He stopped suddenly and raised his head, as if he saw something at a distance. In the same moment he was shot down."

"Good heavens, child! You *saw* him shot?"

"I heard the noise, and saw him fall. It seemed to come from the spot where he had been gazing."

"Did you see who did it?" she moaned, scarcely above her breath.

"No."

"Then you saw no one whatever in the wood but Philip King?"

"I saw Mr. Edwin Barley. I looked to the place from whence the shot seemed to come, and I saw him there, looking through the trees and standing still, as if he wondered what could be the matter. For, oh, aunt! Philip King's scream was dreadful, and must have been heard a long way."

"What!" she uttered, as she clutched my arm, "you saw *Edwin Barley* at that spot! Not Mr. Heneage!"

"I did not see Mr. Heneage at all then. I saw only Mr. Edwin Barley. He came up to Philip King, asking what was the matter."

"Had he his gun with him—Edwin Barley?"

"Yes, he was carrying it."

"And now tell me what passed—for I suppose you heard," she said, after a long pause. "Mind you repeat the exact words."

"Mr. Edwin Barley said, 'Philip, what is this? Who fired at you?' 'George Heneage; I saw him; he stood there,' Philip King answered, pointing to the place. 'Are you sure?' Mr. Edwin Barley asked. 'I tell it you with my dying lips,' Philip King said; 'I saw him.' That was all, aunt. Philip King fell back and died."

"All. Did not Philip King say that Mr. Heneage had raised his gun, aimed at him, and fired?—that he saw him do it?"

"He did not, aunt. He only said what I have told you."

"Lie the first!" she exclaimed, lifting her hand and letting it fall passionately. "Then you never saw Mr. Heneage."

"Yes I did, aunt; later. Mr. Edwin Barley saw me and questioned me, and then showed me which path to take, to go and get assistance. As I was running down it, I came upon Mr. Heneage hiding among the trees. He stopped me, and asked me in a whisper whose voice that was. I told him it was Mr. Edwin Barley's, and that Philip King was dead. I asked Mr. Heneage if he did it."

"Well?" she feverishly interrupted.—"Well?"

"'*I!* you silly child!' he answered, and then he told me to go along and not to tremble so, and he turned and crept away through the trees. Aunt, he was as white as this handkerchief."

"Had—had he his gun?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Yes. He looked dreadfully scared and confused. Not like Mr. Edwin Barley: *he* looked as he always does."

"How far off Philip King was this?"

"Very near. But there was a turn in the path so that we were out of sight."

"And—be attentive, Anne—was it in the same direction from which the shot was fired?"

"Yes, it was."

Mrs. Edwin Barley knitted her brows and bent her head in thought, holding me still before her. By and by she looked up.

"Did all this happen directly that you got into the road?"

"I am sure I had been in it ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but little girls compute time differently from grown people. What seemed to you a quarter of an hour, may not have been more than two or three minutes."

"Mamma taught me how differently time appears to pass, according to what we may be doing, aunt Selina. That when we are pleasantly occupied, it seems to fly; and when we are impatient for it to go on, or in any suspense or fear, it does not seem to move. I think I have learnt to be pretty exact, and I do believe that I was in the wood nearly a quarter of an hour. I had said my prayers, and—"

"You had—WHAT?"

"I was much alarmed; I thought I might have to stay in the wood till morning, and there was no knowing what harm might happen to me. Of course I could only pray to God to protect me: and I knew that harm would not come to me then. Yes, aunt, it must have been a quarter of an hour in all: so you see Mr. Heneage did not do it in the heat of passion in running after him: he must have done it deliberately."

"It is to be ascertained whether he did it at all—"

"But, aunt, if he did not, why did he hide in the wood, and look as if he had done something wrong?—he did look like it. Why did he not go boldly up, and see what was amiss with Philip King as Mr. Edwin Barley did? When I told him he was dead, why did he creep away?"

"There is no accounting for what people do in these moments of confusion and terror: some act in one way, some in another," she slowly said. "Anne," she added after a pause, glancing timidly round, and bringing my ear close to her face, "*how did Mr. Edwin Barley look?*—as though he had done something wrong?"

I could not say he did, for he certainly had not, so far as I could recollect.

"He looked surprised, aunt Selina, nothing more. And he seemed to be sorry; for his voice, as he spoke to Philip King, was kinder than ever I had heard it."

"Go! go! sit down there," she hastily said, pointing to a sofa far from her. "Bury your head down on the pillow as if you were asleep."

So sudden and surprising was the direction that I am sure I should not have had the presence of mind to obey her. She saw that; and, pulling me to the sofa, pushed me on it, my head down and the pillow over it, unbolted the door, and was back in her seat before Mr. Edwin Barley entered the room.

"No need to let *him* into our confidence," she whispered.

"Are you not coming down to dinner, Selina?"

"Dinner! It is well for you that you can eat it," was her answer. "You must dine without me to-day; those who dine at all. Now don't disturb that sleeping child, Mr. Barley! I was just going to send her to bed."

"It might do you more good to eat dinner than to roam about in a night-fog," was Mr. Edwin Barley's rejoinder. "What were you about, out of doors?"

"About? The house was not so cheering that I coveted to stay in it, with that dreadful sight laid in the hall. I think you might have had it taken to a less conspicuous place."

"Curious, too, that you should choose to go out on such a night at this, half naked; and to stay out a couple of hours!"

"Not curious," she tauntingly said: "very natural."

"Very: especially that you should be tearing up and down the wood paths, like a mad woman. Unless I am mistaken, I saw you so employed."

"You saw me, did you! Well, I was so employed!"

"For what purpose?"

"I will tell you," she answered, speaking in a sharp, passionate tone. "I was looking for George Heneage. There; you may make the most of it."

"Did you find him?"

"No. I wish I had; *I wish I had.* I should have learnt from him the truth of this night's business: for the truth, as I believe, has not come to light yet."

"What do you suppose to be the truth?" he returned, in a tone of surprise: whether natural, or assumed, who could say?

"No matter; no matter now: it is something that I scarcely dare to glance at. Better, even, that Heneage had done it, than—than—my head is confused," she broke off; "my mind unhinged, hardly sane: I wish you would leave me, Mr. Barley."

"You had better come and eat a bit of dinner," he said, roughly, but not unkindly. "Nobody can be inclined for much; but to fast entirely is good neither for the body nor the mind; and fasting could not bring Philip King back to life. William is going to stay; and Martin also, though he has dined. Will you come?"

"No," she testily answered. "It is waste of time to ask me."

"I hate to dine without somebody at the table's head," he said, turning round when he got to the door. "If you will not come, I shall ask Charlotte Delves to sit down."

"It is nothing to me who sits down when I am not there."

He departed with the ungracious reply ringing in his ears: and ungracious I felt it to be. She bolted the door again, and pulled the velvet cushion off my head.

"Are you smothered, child? Get up. Now, mark me: you must not say a word to Mr. Edwin Barley of what happened at the summer house. Do not mention it at all; to him, or to anybody else."

"But suppose I am asked, aunt Selina?"

"How can you be asked? Philip King is gone; and who else is there to ask you? You surely have not spoken of it already?" she continued in a tone of alarm.

I had not spoken of it to any one, and told her so. When my terror subsided, after I ran in from the wood unable to speak, the servants questioned me as to what had caused it. I only replied that I heard a shot and a scream: I was too much afraid to say more.

"That's well," said my aunt Selina.

She sent me to rest, ordering Jemima to stay by me till I was asleep. "The child may feel nervous," she remarked to her in an under tone," but the words reached me. A long, long time it seemed to me that I was getting to sleep, and in the morning, when I woke up, I found to my surprise that I was in my aunt Selina's bed. I had so started and moaned, it appeared, after I did get to sleep, that Jemima went and called her mistress, thinking I must be ill, and Mrs. Edwin had me carried down to her own bed. Where Mr. Edwin Barley slept that night I do not know, but certainly not with his wife.

"Can you dress yourself, Anne?" my aunt asked me. And I rose up in bed and looked at her, for the voice did not sound like her voice.

"Are you ill, aunt Selina? Why do you speak so hoarsely?"

"I feel very ill, Anne. My throat is bad: or my chest, I can scarcely tell which: perhaps it is both. Can you dress without assistance?"

"Oh, yes; mamma always made me do that since I was a very little girl."

"Get up then at once. And when you go down send Miss Delves to me."

I sprang out of bed and looked about. "I don't see my clothes here, aunt Selina."

"Oh dear, I forgot. Put that shawl on, and run up to your own room. How stupid of Jemima not to bring them down!"

I have said that I was an imaginative, thoughtful, excitable child, and, as I hastily attired myself, one sole recollection (I could have said fear) kept running through my brain. It was the oracular observation made by Duff, relating to his mistress and the fog. "If she don't catch her death, it's odd to me." Suppose she *had* caught her death? My fingers trembled at the thought.

The first thing I saw when I went down was a large high screen of ten folds raised across the hall, hiding the table.

"What is behind it?" I whispered to Sarah, who was coming out of the dining-room with a duster and broom in her hand.

"The same that was last night, miss," she answered. "It can't be moved, they say, till after the crowner has sat."

"Sarah, have they taken Mr. Heneage?"

"Not that I have heard on, miss. One of them police gents was in just now, and he told Miss Delves there was no news."

"I want to find Miss Delves. Where is she?"

"In master's study. You can't go in. Don't you know which it is? It's that room built out at the back, half-way up the first flight of stairs. You can see the door from here."

In the study sat Mr. Barley and Mr. Edwin at breakfast, Charlotte Delves serving them. I gave her my aunt's message—but was nearly scared out of my senses at viewing Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Go up at once, Charlotte, and see what it is," he said. "How do you say, little one—that her throat is bad?"

"Yes, sir, and she cannot speak well," I replied, as Miss Delves left the room.

"No wonder; she has only herself to thank," he muttered. "The wonder would be if she were not ill."

"Why?" asked Mr. Barley, curiously, lifting his head.

"Oh, she got frightened last night, and ran out in the fog when poor Philip was brought home, staying ever so long," was Mr. Edwin's reply. "With nothing on, too!"

"Mrs. Edwin appears exceedingly poorly," said Charlotte Delves, when she returned.—"Lowe said he should be here this morning; perhaps he will not be long. She must have taken cold."

Scarcely had she spoken when the surgeon came in. Mr. Edwin Barley went up stairs with him. Mr. Lowe came down alone, and I caught a moment to speak to him when no one was by.

"Will my aunt Selina get well, sir?"

"I do not know, my dear," he answered, turning upon me his grave face. "I fear she is going to be very ill." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THE editor of the Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser, has been honored and delighted by the birth of twins in his family. He thereupon thus pleasantly disposes of the interesting event, making the matter as little personal as possible: "The county of Cayuga, according to the late census, had 55,709 souls. We have received information of the most reliable nature, which authorizes us to assure the census marshal that he may make the figures 55,711, and charge the same to the second ward."

MAJOR B. F. WATSON, of the Lawrence, (Mass.) Sentinel, and the democratic Postmaster of that city, who accompanied the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment, has had his commission renewed by the President. John Ryan, Postmaster at Salem, also a member of the same Massachusetts Regiment, has likewise been re-appointed by the President, in appreciation of the patriotic spirit manifested by the Irish volunteers.

THE war demand for cloth to be used in uniforming government troops, is so great that the Lowell mills are all running night and day, Sundays included.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN expresses himself earnestly in favor of the war policy of the administration. He gives it as his unqualified opinion that no foreign government will recognize the Southern Confederacy, and declares, with great emphasis, that those in the lead of that movement should be put down if it leads to a seven years' war and to the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars.

OFFICERS RETURNING TO PRIVATE LIFE.—Of the U. S. Army and Navy officers who resigned their commissions since the 19th of December, 1860, twenty-seven have placed on file their determination never to serve against the flag of the United States. They say that their resignations were sent in under the pressure of family and friendly solicitations.

MR. SUMNER S. BRICK, of Augusta, Maine, has one son in the Confederate army, another in one of the Massachusetts companies now in Maryland, and another in the U. S. Navy; and proposes to join the Maine company himself, if no exceptions are taken to his age, which slightly exceeds forty-five.

THERE has been a fall of snow and rain at Jerusalem such as has not been known for two hundred years. The Parisians are particular in receiving the latest *on dits* from that place. Their piety takes this novel twist.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Henry Peterson, Editor.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

THE SOUTHERN MAILS.

We have a statement from Washington that the U. S. mails will be discontinued in all the seceding States, with the exception of Tennessee, which State has not yet formally seceded.

The moment we find that this is the case, we shall discontinue mailing THE POST to all offices in those States, because it would do our subscribers in those States no good to have their papers lying in the Philadelphia, Washington, or other distributing office.—When any of the Southern mails are resumed, we will forward to our subscribers in those sections, the balance of the papers to which they are fairly entitled—each yearly subscriber being entitled to 52 weekly numbers—omitting the intervening papers. It is said that the mails will not be stopped in the Union counties of Western Virginia—and they will be resumed, we suppose, if possible, wherever the Union sentiment re-establishes itself.

THE TARIFF SYSTEM.

We occasionally see some curious paragraphs, when looking over the English literary periodicals. The following, with more of the same kind, is from "*Once a Week*," which was started as a rival of Dickens's "*All the Year Round*," and is editorial:—

> Any mention of free trade, or restrictions, carries all minds over to America, where the new tariff concocted at Washington in the winter has come into operation. We heard the first particulars of its working last week. Nobody here supposed that it could put on a good appearance for a single day; but the vexation on all hands is greater than could have been imagined. The President is most unwilling to call an extra session of Congress, for reasons of great political weight, but nobody but Congress can repeal or suspend the new tariff; and thus it is declared to be a necessary evil, to be borne as it best may till next December. We must hope that the citizens of the Free States generally will take some pains to understand the matter by that time. At present they have almost everything to learn about the great natural laws which govern social economy. * * * The North has yet to learn what the wickedness and folly of a protectionist policy is, and what the world thinks of it.

In reading the above, one would think that England must necessarily be a place where the laboring men paid no taxes at all, as compared with the taxation of the same class in the United States. If the taxation of the new tariff were expressly designed to benefit a favored class of manufacturers, why would it not be just as right as the English taxation to support the royal family and the aristocratic classes of Great Britain? Why have we not as good a right to have an aristocracy as our English friends have? Therefore, at the very worst view of it, for John Bull to complain of our tariff, and to call it "atrocious" to tax the laboring classes to support an aristocracy, is rather inconsistent.

The writer of the above extract says that we in America "have almost everything to learn about the great natural laws which govern social economy." Perhaps so. Some of us, however, have examined the subject not a little, and have come to the conclusion that there is a good deal to be said upon both sides of the question. England, after centuries of protection, has arrived at that point—owing to large capital, perfected machinery, and cheap labor—which enables her as a general thing to undersell competing nations, even on their own ground. It is therefore her interest to oppose the tariff systems of her neighbors, and to advocate what is called Free Trade.

In the manufacture of iron, for instance, she has such a large capital engaged, that she has, before this, found it to her advantage to sacrifice a whole year's business, for the sake of breaking down the iron manufactures of the United States. That this is so, evidence taken by a Committee of Parliament relative to the labor question, fully proves.

The object of a tariff is twofold. Firstly, to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the Government. Secondly, to promote manufactures; not especially for the benefit of the manufacturing class, but of the whole laboring population, and of the country at large. Everything else being equal, the country where wages are the lowest can manufacture the cheapest. But some of us do not think that it would be an advantage to America for labor to be reduced to the European standard. Some hold that we should compensate for the difference by a tariff, keep the wages up, and then, when the manufactures are set going, trust to the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, to bring the price of the domestic article as low as the foreign one.

That this has been done again and again, the history of our manufactures proves. The tariff has encouraged the establishment of a particular manufacture, and then the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, have given us a better article than the foreign one, at as low, or even a lower price.

Our English friends need not pity our ignorance. We are a practical people, and know what we are about.

We believe that wages and profits are always better where the employments of a country are diversified. We do not mean to be Baltic sea regions, or East Indies, for our British cousins. We think that nothing is such an advantage to an agricultural region, as to plant manufacturing towns and villages right in the midst of it—making markets for the fruits, berries, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, and all the smaller products of the farm. Even if the agricultural community have to pay higher for their manufactures, that makes no real difference, for they sell their produce higher, and sell articles they could not dispose of to manufacturers across the ocean. It is the old story of the Irishman who found fault with the price of the American potatoes—could buy potatoes for *sixpence* at home. "Why didn't you stay at home, then?" said a bystander. "Because I couldn't get the saxpence."

What is it to an American farmer or laborer if British cloth or hardware be cheaper, if he cannot get the money to buy it with?

A farmer gives a rainy day (worth, a political economist may say, a dollar) and mends up his old harness—a job the saddler would do for fifty cents. He *loses*, therefore, the political economist will argue, just half a dollar by doing the work himself. The farmer, being a practical man, knows that as work is scarce for rainy days, he saves money by mending his own harness.

In conclusion we may inform our English contemporary, that the present Tariff was passed mainly because the Government needed money—that it would have been impossible for the manufacturing interest to have passed it, unaided by the agricultural interest and by the general sentiment of all classes—and that while any bad workings of the act will probably be speedily corrected, it doubtless as a whole, will be given at least some years' fair trial.

HARPIES.

In *antiquity*, the harpies were "fabulous winged monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a woman, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with short claws. They were three in number, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeno. They were sent by Juno to plunder the table of Phineus. They are represented as rapacious and filthy animals."

In these modern times, the harpies are anything but *fabulous* monsters. They are, as of old, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a patriot, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with long claws. They are "legion" in number, but they have but one name, Army Contractor. They are represented to be very generally rapacious and filthy animals—and were sent doubtless by the infernal gods to plunder the tables and pockets of the volunteers.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS.—We see the following in a contemporary, credited to the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

"All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son."

It is difficult to believe that any New Orleans paper would publish such nonsense as the above, except in jest. Gen. Butler was the late candidate of the Breckinridge Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts regiments are composed of white men.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ROMANCE AND REALITY—AN EPISODE OF THE PAST.

PARIS, *May* 3, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Persia—the nursing-mother of the Arabian Nights, "wrongly," say Oriental scholars, "termed Arabian,"—has been inaugurating her first electric telegraph! Who shall say that the world is not progressing? The *Vekoya*, the official organ of the Persian Government, at Teheran, gives a grand account of the opening of this line, and the excitement it seems to have produced in the minds of the lieges of the Shah. It follows the line of the road trodden by the countless generations of the caravans that have figured in Eastern story for so many centuries, down to our own day; starting from Teheran, the official capital, and passing through the cities of Kazvine, Wehr, Zeudzane and Miane, to Sebriz, a distance of four hundred English miles. The young sovereign, Nassereddin Shah, honored the opening with his presence. From daybreak his Majesty was busy in the telegraph office, which is established on the esplanade of his palace, amusing himself with transmitting and receiving messages along the line. All the dignitaries of the Court, in full uniform, and thousands of people from the provinces, in holiday dress, crowded the office, the esplanade, and the neighborhood of the palace. The messages and replies were proclaimed aloud by a herald, and repeated by the crowd; and every time a message from distant towns was given out, its arrival was saluted with shouts of wonder and delight by the crowd, and with a salvo from the great guns of the palace-yard. With the ardent imaginations of these Oriental people, and their love of the marvellous, their ecstacy on receiving, in the course of a few minutes, intelligence transmitted from Sebriz, that is to say, from a distance which it takes a caravan twelve days' journey to accomplish, may be readily understood. The hero of the affair was Ettiz-adou-Seltenet, uncle of the reigning monarch, and his right hand. This Prince, who is the Minister of Public Instruction, had been entrusted with the supervision of the telegraph lines; and the Shah, delighted with the success of the undertaking, presented to him a Pelisse of Honor and a magnificent dagger, whose hilt was covered with diamonds and other costly jewels. The "Director of Persian Telegraphs," Ali-Kouli-Vekan, was also honored with the praises of the Shah, and received a superb India shawl and the order of Lion Couchant.

The world is undoubtedly moving on, though one's impatience may sometimes suggest a wish that it would move a little quicker. What sovereign, for instance, would dare, in our day, to outrage the moral sense of his people by infamies such as those which disgrace the reigns of Louis XIV., the Regent of Orleans, and Louis XV. Well as we thought we knew the horrors of the last of these periods, the recent discovery of an old, worm-eaten manuscript, written by the famous "Countess" Du Barry, and containing a sort of diary or register of the scenes in which she bore so conspicuous a part, has shown us that, beneath the deeps of corruption already exposed to public view, there existed a yet deeper depth of infamy and debasement. This curious relic of a past, which none would care to recall, is to be published shortly, with a portrait of the favorite, drawn by herself; it will undoubtedly be more strange than edifying; but the Parisian public is far from squeamish, and the publication will probably be a successful speculation. The history of the famous courtesan is not without its moral. Of very low birth, but gifted with wonderful beauty and grace, and much talent and quickness, the young milliner's apprentice attracted, at an early age, the notice of one of those she-vampires, who plied so busy a trade at that period, under the mocking designation of "merchants of love." This harpy, named La Gourdan, happening one day to catch sight of the, as yet, innocent girl, while playing with a fan for sale in the milliner's show-room, was so struck with the latent powers of coquetry she divined in the girl's movements, that she instantly took possession of her, withdrew her from the milliner's establishment, and carried her off in triumph. A brief period sufficed to convert the ex-milliner's apprentice into one of the most finished and brazen sirens of the corrupt ocean on which she was launched by her new employer. Count Jean du Barry saw her at whist and appropriated her, allowing her to assume his name and title, which she thenceforth kept; and the low-born Jeanne Lauge thenceforth became, and remained, though with no legal title to the designation, "Madame la Comtesse du Barry.

The Count, so far from being jealous of the admiration which his "Countess" soon after excited in the depraved heart of the royal pupil of the Regent, encouraged her to complete the conquest of the king, hoping to be able to rule the latter through her influence.

Having made good her position in the royal favor, Du Barry next figures at Versailles, where she familiarly addresses the king as "France" before courtiers and ambassadors, says "thou" to him, and rules despotically both sovereign and court. The glimpses given of her life there, of the state of the court, would hardly bear transferring into any pages less shameless than those of her diary. Among the mildest of her notes is one which tells how, at the *petit lever* of the king, who was waiting in his bed for his morning coffee, the Papal Nuncio, and the Grand Almoner being admitted, and various untranslateable jokes having been bandied between the king and the two prelates, Du Barry suddenly sprang out of bed, with no other clothing than her luxuriant tresses, and addressing herself to the Nuncio, exclaimed, "Mon Lord Bishop, give me my slippers!" "I can only find one of them, Madame la Countesse!" replied the Nuncio. "Never mind; put on that one; and here's my Lord Almoner will put on the other!" The two prelates each placed one of the gaily-embroidered slippers on one of the favorite's feet; the king and the Countess laughing obstreporously as the reverend prelates played the part of lady's maid, and the king giving utterance to joking comments on the scene which the obsequious ecclesiastics do not seem to have shown themselves scandalised at. Another of her notes depicts the young heir to the crown, and his lovely Austrian wife, the former busied in the manufacture of a lock of which he was very proud, and the Dauphine sitting by, nursing her first-born, and smiling at the pride of her husband in his work. The Dauphin, who is also a skillful clock-maker, comes up to his wife, to see what o'clock it is by a clock of his making, beside her, and watches the Dauphine, who is at work on a piece of embroidery, with her baby on her lap. The door opens, and a valet announces the king, who has promised to present the Duchess de Chaulnes to the Dauphine, and who enters the cabinet of the heir apparent, preceded by the Duchess, and with Du Barry on his arm. The fair, proud daughter of Austria rises from her chair, and hastening to meet the king, exclaims, with her sweetest smile, as she glances at the favorite, "Ah, sire, I only asked of you one favor, and you grant me two!"

After this gracious reception, Du Barry walks about the room, examining the pictures on the walls; and seeing a portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyk, she calls the King to her side, and says to him,

"France, dost thou see this picture? If thou leavest thy Parliament to its own devices, it will cut off thy head for thee, as the English Parliament did for Charles I."

"Who talks of cutting heads off?" cried the future Louis XVI.

"This mad woman," replied Louis XV., laughing and pointing to Du Barry, "just as though anybody thought of cutting off heads now-a-days."

"Who knows what may happen?" rejoined Marie Antoinette, with a touch of seriousness that caused all the speakers to look at one another with some surprise.

"That makes me think," remarked the Dauphin, "that Dr. Guillotin, who is very learned and ingenious, tells me that he has just invented, from motives of humanity, a machine which will put people to death without hurting them.

"Ah! so much the better!" cried Du Barry; while Marie Antoinette, amused at the idea of putting to death without pain, and by machinery, laughed heartily.

When the favorite's reign had ended, she was at first flattered by all the courtiers in her exile from the royal presence, because it was thought that she would soon be in favor again. But the King's health grew worse and worse; and though, to her urgent petitions to be allowed to live nearer to Versailles, the King had replied by sending her a large sum of money, but without granting her request, it was evident that her day was over, and she was soon forsaken by even the humblest of the vast crowd of flatterers that had vied with each other in burning incense before her while she had held her place in the favor of the sovereign. To the bitterness of mortified vanity was also added the despair of seeing herself despised and contemned by the only man she seems ever to have loved, the Duke de-Cosse Brissac, for whom, in the wane of her heartless and frivolous career, she conceived a sudden and violent passion, for the first and only time in her life.

One day, after the death of Louis XV., in her lonely retreat at Reuil, she inquires of her pet young negro page, Zamore, whom Du Barry had caused to be painted in the act of handing her a cup of chocolate, and who, in this solitude, still carried her train.

"Zamore, what is the noise I hear in the distance?"

"Citizeness," replied the pampered boy, "it is the noise the people are making at Versailles."

"*Citizeness*, indeed!" exclaimed his mistress, in a fury. "Hast thou, *too*, learned the jargon of the miscreants of the day? Off with thee! Only French shall be spoken in my house!"

Scarcely had Zamore quitted the presence of his angry mistress, than he came back, and hastily flinging open the door of the saloon in which he had left her, announced the Duke de Cosse-Brissac.

"Show him in!" cried Du Barry, with a start of joyful surprise. A sound of many steps and voices was suddenly heard approaching; and a crowd of dark and blood-stained faces thronged the ante room, from which a group of "citizens" passed on into the saloon, displaying, to the eyes of the horrified Du Barry, the head of the Duke borne upon a pike.

The arrest of the fallen favorite of the detested Louis XV. soon followed. She was arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the charge of "having counselled the despot, and caused the bloodshed of the people." Condemned to death "for having worn mourning for the tyrant, and conspired against the Republic," she fainted on hearing the sentence, and was dragged along the pavement of the streets to her cell. Nervously afraid of darkness, the wretched woman was left in darkness and loneliness, never to see daylight again until drawn in the fatal tumbril to the guillotine.

She was taken to her doom in company with a marquis, a priest, and a banker—her own banker, in other days. The marquis hummed a madrigal, the priest endeavored to speak of Heaven to his companions in misfortune, the banker attempts a joke about "payday up yonder!" Du Barry has slept but one hour through the preceding night, has dreamed of Versailles, and her triumphs in days gone by, and has wakened from her delusive vision with a shriek of horror and agony. She cannot believe that the scene about her is real; and she cowers in the cart, fancying that she is dreaming a hideous dream. When the cart stops at the foot of the guillotine—that stands on the spot from which the statue of Louis XV., has been removed to make room for it, she calls in frenzied accents to the crowd to save her. None respond to that despairing appeal. She is seized, by eager and cruel hands, dragged from the tumbril, thrown upon the ground, and forced to the guillotine. The executioner takes her, with mock gallantry in his arms, and lifts her up to the fatal plank, while she screams for help and pity, struggles to free herself from his grasp, and shrieks to the multitude watching for her blood, that "she never caused anybody's death, but often obtained pardons for those who were condemned to die!"

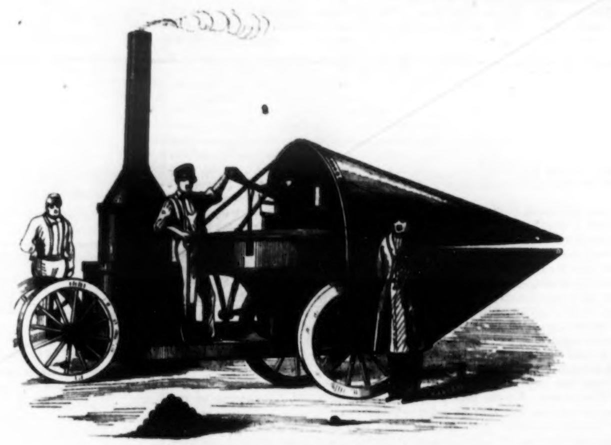
"Poor du Barry!" exclaimed a woman who had killed one of her children, and who had brought the other five to enjoy the daily spectacle, "it was she who saved me from the gibbet!"

"One moment, oh, wait one moment, Mr. Headsman!" implored the victim; but the guillotine did its deadly work, and the crowd uttered a shout of ferocious satisfaction as the head of the ex-favorite of the former tyrant, detested for his sake, fell into the basket which had already received, and would yet receive so many heads nobler than hers, and some, also even more ignoble. And so ended the mortal career of the once brilliant, all-powerful Du Barry.

QUANTUM.

IT is stated that the iron plates now being placed on the sides of the French iron-cased frigates are previously galvanized by a patent process, the principal feature of which is, that the plates are placed in a cold bath in lieu of a hot one.

☞ CRY HAVOC.—In allusion to the proposition to allow the cadets at West Point to enter upon active service, a correspondent of the Bulletin inquires whether it would not be "letting slip the dogs of war," to turn loose the West Pointers.

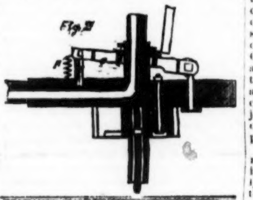


THE BALTIMORE STEAM BATTERY.

The above engraving represents a perspective view, taken from a photograph, of the famous steam battery, about which so much has been said within a few weeks, as being in process of construction by the Messrs. Winans of Baltimore. From a letter by Mr. Thomas Winans, published in the Baltimore papers, it appears that the machine belongs to the city of Baltimore, and that the only ground for connecting the name of the Winans with it is the fact that it was sent to their shop for repair. It was invented by Charles S. Dickinson, of Cleveland, Ohio, and patented August 9, 1859. Its capabilities and advantages are set forth in the following terms by the inventor:—

"As a triumph of inventive genius, in the application and practical demonstration of centrifugal force (that power which governs and controls the universe, and regulates and impels the motion of planetary bodies around the sun), this most efficient engine stands without a parallel, commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects, and is eventually destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war. Rendered ball proof, and protected by an iron cone, and mounted on a four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place, or kept on march with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity from an ounce ball to a 25-pound shot, with a force and range equal to the most approved gunpowder projectiles, and can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute. For city or harbor defence it would prove more efficient than the largest battery; for use on the battle field, the musket calibre engine would mow down opposing troops as the scythe mows standing grain; and in sea fights, mounted on low-decked steamers, it would be capable of sinking any ordinary vessels. In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action and velocity of discharge, may be added economy in cost of construction, in space, in labor and transportation; all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon, and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry. The possession of this engine—ball proof and cased in iron—will give the powers using it such decided advantages as will strike terror to the hearts of opposing forces, and render its possessors impregnable to armies provided with ordinary offensive weapons. Its efficiency will soon be practically demonstrated, and the day is not far distant when, through its instrumentality, the new era in the science of war being inaugurated, it will be generally adopted by the Powers of the Old and New Worlds, and, from its very destructiveness, will prove the means and medium of peace."

The construction of the gun is represented in Fig. 2. A steel gun barrel, bent at an elbow as shown, is caused to revolve by steam power with great velocity; when the balls, being fed into the perpendicular portion, which is at the centre of revolution, are thrown out of the horizontal arm by centrifugal force. A gate, J, keeps the balls from flying out until the barrel is in the desired position, when this gate is opened by the action of the lever C, and the balls permitted to escape. To make sure against accident from the chance issuing of balls when the barrel is not in the proper position, a strong wrought iron casing surrounds the gun, with a slit in one side through which the balls may pass, as shown in Fig. 1. Our cut represents the balls as being fed in singly by hand, but in action it is proposed to feed them with a shovel. Mr. Winans says that the shot from this gun will cut off a nine inch scantling at the distance of half a mile.



In 1837, Benjamin Reynolds, of Kinderhook, N. Y., constructed a centrifugal war engine for discharging bullets in a stream from a tube. It was operated by two men, one standing at each side working a crank, and turning it in the same manner as two men operate a windlass. The bullets, we understand, were taken from a hopper at the centre of a revolving drum and thrown out at the circumference, the action being similar to that of a rotary pump. A small war engine of Mr. Reynolds' was tried at West Point, in 1837, before General Worth and several other officers of the United States Army, and it is stated that, at 110 yards distance from the target, it sent 1,000 2-ounce balls in a minute, through 3½ inches of hard pine plank. After this it was taken to Washington, and experiments made with it before a committee of Congress and several military officers, with similar results to those obtained at West Point. At this trial the committee exercised great perseverance; first, in regard to its power and range, and, second, in regard to the number of shots projected in a given time. On this occasion the power applied was as before, one man at each of the two cranks. The target, three thicknesses of one inch pine planks, at the distance of 150 yards. Each ball was projected through the target, falling from three to four hundred yards beyond it into the Potomac river. They were not so successful, however, in determining the number of shots thrown in a given time. In this test sixty balls of 2 oz. were placed in a tin tube of sufficient size and length to contain them. One end of the tube was then placed at the admitting orifice of the battery, into which they were carried by the action of gravity and the exhausting disposition of the machine. The space of time taken for the projection of sixty shots was so small a portion of a second that the committee could not report any specific space of time at all.

Another centrifugal gun, worked by six men as motive power, was recently exhibited in New York. The balls were thrown nearly 500 a minute,—going at 50 yards through three thicknesses of board.

In conclusion, we may say that though something may come of these inventions, they do not bid fair at present to supplant the usual artillery, though they might be very useful in certain positions, and do great execution upon large bodies of men at short distances.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MORE SPECIE COMING—THE BRITISH PROCLAMATION—ADVANCE IN UNITED STATES LOANS, &c.

The Etna brings advices to the 16th, and $1,500,000.

The Proclamation issued by the Government declares its intention of maintaining the strictest and most impartial neutrality between the Government of the United States and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns British subjects, that if they enter the military service on either side, or join the ships of war or transports, or attempt to get recruits or fit out vessels for war purposes or transports, or break, or endeavor to break, any blockade lawfully or actually established, or carry soldiers, dispatches, or any material contraband of war, for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in no wise obtain protection from the Government.

The screw frigate Mersey, of 40 guns, has sailed for the American station.

Lord Wodehouse said that Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the Eastern portion of St. Domingo, and given assurances that slavery would not be re-established there.

The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop produced can be sent to Manchester before the end of the year.

Tempting offers have been made to purchase the Great Eastern, it is believed, for the French or American Governments. A special meeting of the shareholders has been called to raise funds or sell.

The Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy had reached Paris, and had an interview with M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is positively asserted that negotiations for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome approach a conclusion.

France sends a small squadron to the American waters to protect French interests.

Vague reports prevail that England and France have agreed to recommend Austria to cede Venetia to Italy, for money and territorial privileges.

Spain has ordered the construction of six screw frigates of the first class, in order that her navy may be superior to that of the United States.

HUNGARY.—Count Tekeli, it is ascertained, committed suicide, though the first impression was that he had been assassinated.

The military at Raab killed three, and wounded fifteen people, who attempted to liberate some deserters that had been re-captured.

LIVERPOOL, May 14.—Cotton has declined ⅛d.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester continue unfavorable, all the markets being dull, but the prices are steady with less depression.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Breadstuffs market is firm, with a partial advance on all qualities.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports the Flour market steady. The extra State brand is quoted at 28s. 6d @29s. 3d. Wheat is firm; Red has advanced 2d.; being quoted at 11s. 6d.@12s. 6d.; White Wheat 13s.@14s. 6d.—Corn is 34s. 6d.@34s. 9d. for mixed; 35s. for Yellow, and 35s.@35s. 6d. for White.

Messrs. Wakefield & Nash report Wheat steady. Corn advancing, and holders demand a further advance of 3d@6d.

Provisions are steady.

United States 5 per cents have advanced 1@2 per cent.

YOUNG OFFICERS.—The Secretary of War has issued an order recommending the Governors of the States:—

First. To commission no one of doubtful morals or patriotism, and not of sound health.

Second. To appoint no one to a Lieutenancy, second or first, who has passed the age of twenty-two years, or to a Captaincy over thirty years; and to appoint no field officers, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, or Colonel unless a graduate of the United States Military Academy, or known to possess military knowledge and experience, who has passed the respective ages thirty-five, forty and forty-five years.

The above rules are deemed of the highest importance by Gen. Scott. All regimental officers of the volunteers, from Colonels down to Second Lieutenants inclusive, are appointed by the Governors of the States.

☞ According to the code of honor, it is understood that if a gentleman owes another gentleman money, he has no right to fight with him until the debt has been paid.

☞ When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to."

☞ Horne Tooke's advice to a young friend desirous of venturing upon matrimony was, "Look carefully round among the whole circle of your friends, and choose the nicest girl you can find. Make sure that her fortune is good, her connections unexceptionable, and her personal qualities entirely to your liking. When the happy day arrives, and the bridal party are on their way to the altar, mount the swiftest horse you can procure, and ride off in an opposite direction."

☞ The song of the harvest is everywhere. Its notes fall sweetly upon the ear as they float over the land; away there just subsiding, and away there just beginning—and so they will pass the strain along till the music has been wafted round the world.

☞ The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

☞ Some fellows deposit all their money inside their vests in the form of victuals and drink, and call that *investing* it.

☞ The leaves die of chills and fevers generally—sometimes it is the scarlet fever, and sometimes, and almost always, yellow fever.

☞ Why are Presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with Vices.

☞ Prudence, through the ground of misery, cuts a river of patience, where the mind swims in boats of tranquillity along the stream of life, until she arrives at the haven of death, where all streams meet.

☞ Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

☞ THE RUTS.—Our customs and habits are like the ruts in our roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

☞ Mr. Merryman Lathrop says when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the *hatchway*, the beef in the *bull*works, near the *steerage*, and when they ran out of eggs the ship *lay too*.

THE LINNET'S SONG.

"*Tuck, tuck, fear*—from the green and growing leaves;
Je, te, te—from the little song-bird's throat;
How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and 'neath the eaves,
While from dewy clover-fields comes the lowing of the beeves,
And the summer in the heavens is afloat!

"*Wye, wye, chir*—'tis the little linnet sings;
Weet, weet, weet—how his pipy treble trills,
In his bill and on his wing what a joy the linnet brings,
As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he flings,
Giving gladness to the music of the rills!

"*Je, te, te*—from a happy heart unbound;
Lug, lug, jer—from the dawn till close of day!
There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the sunshine round,
Till the ploughman's careless whistle and the shepherd's pipe are drowned,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.

"*Jug, jug, jurg*—oh, how sweet the linnet's theme!
Pru, pru, pry—is he wooing all the while?
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling now his dream,
To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by the stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?

"*Pipe, pipe, chow*—will the linnet never weary?
Bel, tel, tyr—is he pouring forth his vows?
The maiden lone and eerie may feel her heart less dreary,
Yet none may know the linnet's bliss except his love so cheery,
With her little household nestled 'mong the boughs."

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, in his sermon of April 28th, upon the text, "And in the name of our God we will set up our banners," gave the subjoined sketch of our flag, which thrilled the heart of every one who listened to it. The sermon was printed in the Roxbury Journal:

"The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white altier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation dated April 12th, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as *The Union Jack*, was completed. But it was the *ancient* flag of England that constituted the basis of our own American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at different times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined 'stars and stripes.' It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that (January, 2d, 1776,) he unfurled before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the right and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union *also* of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

"On the fourteenth day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, 'That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in the blue field.' This resolution was made public Sept. 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the Union of the States. In 1794, there having been two more new States added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly-admitted State. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of States. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged into a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure fold—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance and justice, each star to glorify the glory of the State it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a union that must be 'one and inseparable.'

"Time would fail me to enter more largely into the details of this history. Enough has been said to show, in some satisfactory measure, the sources whence the materials of our flag were drawn. The old banner of England contributed its colors. Great men made it their study. Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Sherman, and many more of their immortal compeers, gave it their thought and care. And then it had to be made a fact in the world by the conflicts, bloodshed and victories of a seven years' war. It is the flag that was gazed upon by the patriots of 'the times that tried men's souls.' It is the flag which they bore and followed into the thickest of the fight. It is the flag which they loved and honored, and which at last they compelled their proud enemies to acknowledge and respect. It is the flag which became the symbol of our national independence and glory.

"And what precious associations have clustered around it since! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection!—Through what clouds of dust and smoke it has passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chepultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—'Don't give up the ship'—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

"What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett—what lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, 'Oh! the flag—the Stars and the Stripes!' And wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day. It has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All, who sigh for the triumph of Truth and Righteousness, love and salute it."

ON THE DEATH OF A SAILOR.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

[The following lines were written by Halleck on the death of Lieut. William H. Allen, who was killed by the pirates in the Gulf of Mexico:—]

He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,
With bitter, but proud tears, and o'er his head
The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave,
The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green;
And by his grave's side pilgrim feet have been,
And blessings, pure as men to martyrs give,
Have there been breathed by those he died to save.
—Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name a battle cry;
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.

If on the grief worn cheek the hues of bliss,
Which fade when all we love is in the tomb,
Could ever know on earth a second bloom,
The memory of a gallant death like his
Would call them into being; but the few,
Who as their friend, their brother, or their son,
His kind warm heart and gentle spirit knew,
Had long lived, hoped, and feared for him alone—
His voice their morning music, and his eye
The only starlight of their evening sky,
Till even the sun of happiness seemed dim,
And life's best joys were sorrows but with him;
And when, the burning bullet in his breast,
He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough,
There was one heart that knew and loved him best—
It was a mother's—and is broken now.

A Curious Phenomenon in the Sounds of Certain Bells.—There is a phenomenon in the sounds of certain bells which has not, I think, been noticed in print, and which, therefore, it will be of interest, and perhaps of utility, to describe. It is that, soon after the commencement of the sounds, they appear to become pendulous, or, which is the same thing, to lose their continuousness, or to be heard only at intervals, which increase in length until the sounds become too feeble to be experienced. It must, I think, be concluded that the phenomenon is caused by echo, the reflection of the sound from off the interior surface of the bell; and that it depends upon the condition that it rapidly becomes weaker, without which the echo could not be heard, and also the fact that, from some reason, the two sounds are not combined, either by the ears, or when as vibrations they are affections of the auditory nerves.—*J. A. Davies.*

Fog Signals.—At the South Stack Lighthouse, near Holyhead, they have both a gun and a bell, but they have also a machinery more effective than either of these instruments. The rock is haunted by innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, and the incessant shrieking and chattering which these birds keep up, and which can be heard some way out to sea, is found a more infallible warning than any signal at man's command.

A CHILD SAVED—A WOLF KILLED.

We have heard curious stories from hunters, of the swift judgment inflicted by wolves on any member of a pack who may deceive his companions. They have the power of communicating with each other, and a certain sense of justice due to offenders. The following story is in point:—

The settlers of Maine found, besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer aroused from sleep by a noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold winter evening did they roll a large log against the door, and beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man unless driven by hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident here related occurred in the history of Biddeford. A resident, of that place, Mr. ——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from the house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where his father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, his father left his work sooner than usual, and started home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the result.

After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another, till the woods seemed alive with fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled round, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes of their first appearance not a wolf was to be seen. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself had furnished the repast.

CHINESE EATING HOUSES.

An officer in the French army in China tells us that altogether the exterior appearance of the Chinese restaurants is simple, they nevertheless give very tolerable dinners. The higher classes of the Chinese always dine at home; but eating-houses abound, patronized by the less wealthy classes. The private rooms of these establishments are comfortably fitted up with good divans, cushions, arms chairs, a lamp always lighted, and the opium pipe ready for those who wish for it. The establishment of Toun Tzan, the best in Tien-Tsin, is the most noted in that city. Before each guest are placed a small saucer, two chopsticks, a short two-pronged fork, tea-spoons, and two or three squares of gray paper.

As in Europe, there are napkins, but no knives; all the meat being served in very thin slices. At a grand dinner given to themselves by the French officers, at his restaurant, the celebrated Toun-Tzan, who condescended to wait on the guests in person, poured out three cups of tea for each to provoke appetite, and next brought them warm sha-sinchion, a species of wine made from fermented rice, very agreeable in flavor, resembling vermouth, but sweetened. Among the best of the dishes were fish with walnut jelly, fish jelly ragout of blackbirds, bamboo-soup, a very delicate omlette, and poultry. The writer says that the Chinese have a thousand other dishes, many of them excellent, which to European cooks are utterly unknown. The Chinese begin their dinners with slices of melons or other fruits; but the true dessert which consists of stewed fruit of many kinds with little cakes, terminates the repast, as it does in Europe. Bread is unknown in China; being replaced among the lower classes by boiled rice, among the higher by a kind of a fritter. Three more cups of tea, and a washing of mouths and hands, and the meal is finished, every one leaving, unless intending to smoke opium. The whole entertainment costs about half a dollar.

It has been erroneously stated that no wine is to be found in China; there are, on the contrary, several very good Chinese wines; particularly one made from maize, and another made from the jujube, which some persons who tasted it at the Emperor's summer palace took for port; only finding their mistake when they came upon a jujube, imperfectly dissolved, at the bottom of the bottle.

☞ A pretty young lady, on being upbraided at an evening party, for dressing so sparingly, in this cold climate, replied—

"When dressed for the evening, we girls, now-a-days,
Scarce an atom of dress on us leave;
None blame us—for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited for *Eve*?"

SOJER MUSIC.

WORDS ADAPTED TO BEATS OF DRUMS, ETC.

From that interesting miscellany of literary gossip, Notes and Queries, we gather the following military stanzas, adapted to the various beats of drum, bugle-calls, &c., in use in the army:—

First Bugle for Dinner.

"Officers' wives, get your puddings and pies:
Soldiers' wives, get your rations.
Rations and pies,
Rations and pies.
Officers' wives, &c.

Also the call for orders:—

"Come for orders, come for orders,
Come for orders, come;
Come for orders, come;
Come for orders, orderlies all!"

The following words are applied to that confounded "rataplanning" that goes on about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, in places where soldiers resort:—

"Go to bed, Tom; go to bed, Tom;
Drunk or sober, go to bed, Tom."

There is another elegant *morceau* but we know not to what particular beat it is applied:—

"What will you do with the drunken sodger?
What will you do with the drunken sodger?
So early in the morning?

Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,
Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,
So early in the morning.

What will you do with him when he's sober?
What will you do with him when he's sober?
So early in the morning?

Give him three dozen at the triangles,
Give him three dozen at the triangles,
So early in the morning."

Quarter Drum.

"Fifteen minutes to live, to live,
Fifteen minutes to live."

This is a warning beat, indicating that the parade will form in a quarter of an hour.

Sergeant's Call (for parade.)

"Sergeants all, sergeants all,
Don't you hear the sergeant's call?"

This would imply that the sergeants are too obtuse to recognize their own call, but of course it is a libel on the rank to say so.

Fatigue Call.

"Shoulder your shovel, and quick come dig;
Shoulder your shovel, John Todd.
Shoulder your shovel, ne'er think of the hod,
And work with a will, John Todd."

No Parade.

"There is no parade to-day;
There is no parade to-day;
There is no parade,
For our brigade,
For our brigade,
To-day."

The music (?) of this call is decidedly the prettiest in the service; and it is used whenever any circumstance, such as a storm, necessitates the suppression of the parade and its consequent drills.

Dinner Call.

"Come, pick them up, pick them up—
Hot potatoes, hot potatoes;
Pick them up, pick them up,
Hot potatoes, hot potatoes—all."

Working Call.

"I called him, I called him—
He wouldn't come, he wouldn't come;
I called him, I called him—
But he wouldn't come at all."

One more specimen, and these notes must close:—

Stable Call.

"Oh, come to your stable—
Work while you're able—
Water your horses and give them some corn.
If you don't do it,
The colonel shall know it,
And you shall be punished according to law.
So come to your stable—
Work while you're able—
And water your horses, and give them some corn."

An Old Law Concerning Punishment of Death by the Poets.—If I mistake not, in poetry no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage over him, nor is a servant to kill the master, nor a private man, much less a subject to kill a king, nor on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons whom the law of duel allow not to enter the lists together. There may be circumstances that alter the case, as when there is a sufficient ground of partiality in an audience, either upon the account of religion (as Rinaldo, or Ricardo in Tasso might kill Soliman, or any other Turkish King or great Sultan), or else in favor of our country, for then a private English hero might overcome a King of some rival nation.—*Tragedies of the Last Age.*

How Clergymen Came to Wear Black.—In the year 1524, Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes; and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was, the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth—being at that time the court fashion; and because Luther preferred, so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

In Old Days.—In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—*Silas Marner.*

VIOLET:

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIV.

Philip Avon was right. It was no phantom that he, attended by Tubal Kish and two officers, followed in the Chace. It was in truth Erle on his way to pay a visit to the old library once more, less with the anticipation that he should again meet Lady Maud there than with the hope that investigations which he intended to pursue would result in discoveries important to himself.

He had slept long and soundly in Violet's chamber in the old tower, and when he awoke, refreshed and strengthened by his slumber, he found a repast of a simple kind, but clean and palatable, spread upon a table near to him.

Having partaken of it, he sought Eldra, but could not discover her; he called to her, but the tower only echoed his voice.

He stood at the window and watched the moon rise. As he did so he thought of his past night's adventure, what he had heard in the picture-gallery, what he had seen in the library—for though, in the latter place, all that he had witnessed appeared to be the wild workings of an excited brain enwrapt in a dream, it was yet vividly remembered, and was in all respects so striking in its suggestions, and so marvellous in its portents, as to urge him powerfully to seek a repetition of the wonders in his waking hours, or at least some confirmation that the dream was in reality an inspired vision.

As he marked the progress of the moon as it sailed grandly and silently across the heavens, frosting the slow-moving tree tops with its silvery light, there suddenly recurred to his memory the strange, low, long drawn, thrilling note of the horn which Violet had softly winded to bring Cyril Kingswood to her side—a sound which, when he heard it, had so moved him. He started as though even now it sang in the air with a prolonged and quivering note; and he listened with intense attention, but nothing caught his ear save the sorrowful wail of the wind as it soughed through alley, brake and covert.

The illusion, if such it was, served to bring to his memory a throng of incidents somewhat of a saddening character. When he heard that note he stood in Kingswood Hall full of hope and aspiration, glowing under the first ardent impressions of love, and burning beneath the smart of undeserved insult; eager to establish those undefined rights which Ishmael had so sternly informed him it was his duty to assert, and deeply anxious to occupy the position which an inward and incontrollable feeling told him he was entitled to fill. Then he had daily access to Lady Maud—then he could watch a fair, refined countenance, note its delicate mutations, its clear, ingenuous expression, and the soft and exquisite rising blush when her eye met his.

For the moment an immature wish rose up in his breast that he had pursued a different course, followed the counsel of Cyril Kingswood, and tided over his quarrel with Philip Avon, and remained at Kingswood. But, as the pale, malignant face of the son of Black Walter of Hawkesbury presented itself to his vision, he scouted the wish, and felt rejoiced that he had pursued the path the promptings of his nature had directed. He preferred his present position, and proudly accepted all its risks past and to come, its incertitude, and its indications of future struggles.

The revelations of Eldra occupied also a very prominent space in his thoughts, for they, he felt convinced, referred to his mother. It seemed quite clear to him that the Erla named by the old woman was his long unknown parent, and he was moved to this conclusion by the chain of circumstances which seemed ready prepared to his hand.

Eldra related that Lord Kingswood, upon whom his presence had made so powerful an impression, had in early life by accident encountered Erla, and had become enamored with her beauty. He had repeatedly sought her and whispered words of love in her ears. When removed from the Chace to Huntingford he had followed her and had prevailed upon her to fly with him thence, and they were married.

A deadly sickness seemed to seize him.—Eldra, though she had stated that a marriage had taken place, appended to it a qualifying "but." But what? Was he to draw the inference that the marriage, in some way, had been invalidated, and that he was truly a nameless creature, a living evidence of his mother's shame, his only inheritance her wrongs? He bit his lips until the blood came, and clenched his hands until the nails penetrated the flesh.

A horrible confirmation of the fact appeared to exist in the part Vernon had played—He had characterized himself as the truest friend Erle's mother had known; he had betrayed the most intensely vindictive feeling towards Lord Kingswood and all connected with him, save himself, Erle.

It was Ishmael who had taken upon himself the charge of his education, and it was he who, at an appointed day and hour, brought him before Lord Kingswood, an object at once of terror and despair.

The bitterness and the hatred which Ishmael evinced when even the name of Lord Kingswood was mentioned, might be traced to the very possible circumstance that Ishmael had loved Erla too; that he had entertained some impression that his suit was favored, and at this very period Lord Kingswood had snatched her from him. If he had loved her deeply and passionately, it was not surprising that he should possess feelings of the deadliest animosity against Lord Kingswood, and should do his utmost to blast his happiness in return; but at the same time all these possibilities and suppositions seemed to confirm his worst apprehensions. If Lord Kingswood had been legally married to his mother, what possible reason could there exist that he should be up to this moment not only unacknowledged, but absolutely repudiated by his father? whereas, if they were not legally united, the object of the mystery and secrecy was plain enough.

He found it exceedingly painful and unpleasant to pursue these reflections, deeply interesting to him as the question was which they involved. He felt, however, that it would be necessary to follow up the clue he had obtained as immediately as possible, for the doubt upon his birth was as maddening as to clear it from stain would be blissful.

He saw clearly enough that upon the issue depended his future intercourse with Lady Maud. Honorably born, no matter under what occult circumstances, he could without reserve invite her to become his; but if his birth had taken place beneath a cloud of disgrace, farewell to her—to hope—to all the honors, awards, position the world might have to bestow. Of legitimate birth, he could dare and defy any trial fate might have in store for him; basely born, he would not struggle against the smallest eddy in the stream of life, but let its current bear him e'en where it pleased.

He remembered that Eldra had spoken of the archives of the Kingswood family. He felt it would be important to him to make himself master of them, and the incitement to visit the old library, in which she stated they were kept, was thus increased. Provided with a lamp, he believed that he could, in the dead hour of the night, roam the old library at will, could search for the volumes he was anxious to examine, pore over their pale and musty pages, make himself master of their contents, and when he had extracted all the information they could afford him, he could then return to the tower and learn from Eldra all she had left unsaid, all indeed, that she could communicate to him, which would not only serve to convince him that Erla was his mother, but would assure him that she had been rightfully married to Lord Kingswood.

In this hour of cogitation, so full of solicitous and disquieting thoughts, he did not forget old Pengreep's extraordinary recognition of him at Gray's Mount, his subsequent statement that he had watched his progress throughout his school-life, and his gratuitous statement that he was his friend, his devoted friend.

"He must know much," he muttered.—"Employed and trusted by Ishmael for years, he can, without doubt, fill up any gap which may occur in the researches I am about to make. I will seek him. My destiny is near receiving its final direction. Everything which has happened since I quitted my school-home—everything by which I am surrounded—assures me that 'the dawning must be nigh,' to which the ruffian Tubal Kish and the old woman residing here have respectively referred. Let it come; but may Heaven in its infinite beneficence cause it to be the herald of a bright day."

The evening wore slowly on, and unable to endure the troubled thoughts which incessantly succeeded each other in his mind, accompanied by wild, fantastic images, and a strange, nervous thrilling through his frame, he quitted the room, and made one more ineffectual search for Eldra, and then passed out into the Chace, drawing the door closely after him.

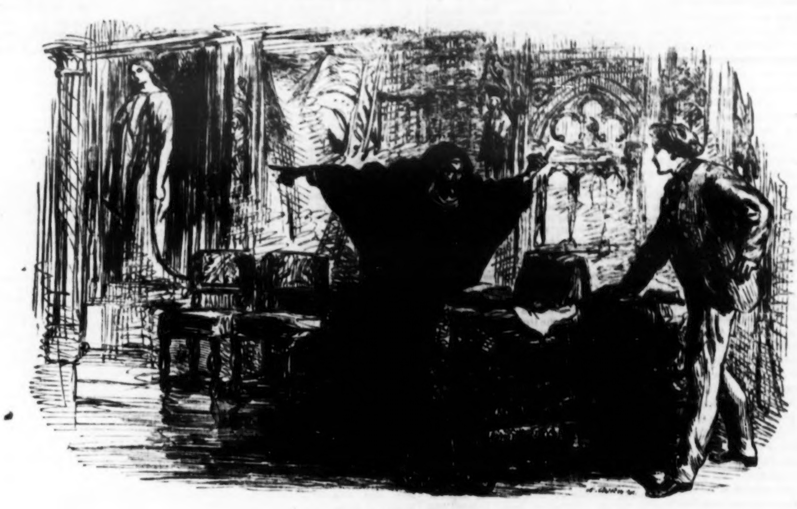
His swiftness of foot, and his knowledge of the secret entrance to the subterranean passages which led into Kingswood Hall, enabled him to baffle Philip Avon and his myrmidons—for a time at least.

He adopted the brushwood entrance in preference to the old postern door, because he knew the hour of midnight had not arrived, and though never after nightfall were any of the domestics known to approach the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall, he wisely determined not to incur any hazard of being seen even by Tubal Kish, whose ferocious scowl, although it was mingled with an expression of awe, he had noted that day as indicating sanguinary intentions against him if he could only be certain that he was actually flesh and blood, and not the shadowy phantom said to haunt the Chace.

He little dreamed, however, that the wisdom of this precaution saved him from being seized, brutally maltreated, dragged like a felon to the common lock-up at Hawkesbury, and subjected to the tender mercy of Black Walter Avon, acting under the malevolent influence of his son.

Once more he stood alone in silence and in darkness in the ancient library, this night resolved, if possible, not to give way to the feelings which the solemnity of the place, the hour, and certain appearances, really natural, but apparently supernatural, were calculated to inspire, but to concentrate his mind upon his enterprise, and to question whatever his eyes beheld, until he had, by close investigation, determined what it really was.

And now alone, calm and resolved, he detected that the strange, lurid light which filled the extensive chamber, was occasioned by the rays of the moon forcing their way through the dim, dust-encrusted, lozenge-paned windows, and that, therefore, the unearthly glare which had enabled him to see every object so distinctly in the picture-gallery on the previous night had its origin in the same cause. Its abrupt withdrawal had been effected by the sudden whirl of a storm-cloud before the face of the moon; and the tints of rose-bloom and livid blue which had seemed successively to lend a natural glow and a ghastly aspect to the portrait of Kingswood of Kingswood was but the dyes of the stained glass in the windows, as in turns, the light falling through them, cast their hues upon the visage. He smiled as he remembered what thrilling effects had thus been produced from very natural causes. While yet a contemptuous curl rested upon his lip, he turned his eyes upon



THE UNAVENGED.

the statue of the Lady Maud, and the face so exquisitely chiselled seemed to look corpse-like and ghostly from the pale blue tint of the dye which was thrown by the glass upon it.

Again a smiled curled his lip, but it faded away, the blood rushed back to his heart, and a cold thrill ran through every nerve in his frame as he suddenly heard the rustle of silk sweeping past him, and the light beat of small feet pattered on the floor, the sound growing fainter as they receded, until he could no longer distinguish them.

Whatever natural causes might have produced some startling effects, here was one which much disconcerted him. For this, at least, his reasoning faculties declined to furnish him with an explanation. It was the third time he had heard these strange, thrilling sounds, and heard them distinctly, too.

His sight to the end of the library was unimpeded; the atmosphere, it was true, was something hazy, but it was yet clear enough to assure him that no visible object had passed him and proceeded down the centre of the apartment. He heard his heart beat as audibly as he felt it throb violently, and this, perhaps, because he was unable to fathom the meaning of what he heard. It was not a delusion of the eyes, for he had seen nothing, nor of the imagination, for he had heard the sounds distinctly, not once, but thrice, in different places and under dissimilar circumstances.

He laid his clenched hand upon his swelling breast, and murmured, with deep emotion—

"My life upon it, the vision of last night was no dream; the wild and singular mysteries by which I am surrounded; the awful visions connected alone with the traditionary history of this House, which present themselves to me when in a state not of sleep, but ecstacy; the successive corroborations of my resemblance to the most noted of the race, not less than to Lord Kingswood—all tend to confirm me in the belief that I am the heir of the race; and are so many incitements to me to set about the task to establish it: and in spite of all hazards, natural or supernatural, I will attempt it. If I am to lift the doom from this stricken House, it is needful that I should make myself master of the history of the circumstances which wrought it and what must be done to remove the curse which seems clinging to the innocent and to the guilty alike? And so for the archives!"

As the last whispered words fell from his lip, he kindled his lamp, and at the very instant the wick shot up into a flame the bell of the turret-clock gave forth the first stroke which proclaimed the hour of midnight. At each stroke the sonorous tone of the bell rang quiveringly through the building, and seemed to add greatly to the solemnity of his situation. He, however, stood calm and self-possessed, resolved to suffer no emotions of horrified awe to interfere with the prosecution of his purpose.

It must not be imagined that he overlooked the questionable character of his position or his proceedings. He was here like a thief in the night, an unbidden, unwelcome visitor. Taking advantage of the superstition of the domestics and the solemn hour of the night, he had stolen into this reputed haunted old library, and was about to search and to ransack over receptacles, books, and papers, without having the permission, and, indeed, in defiance of what he knew to be the wishes of Lord Kingswood; but he justified himself by the exceptional character of his condition, with the conviction that he was suffering under great wrongs—wrongs which would remain unatoned unless he obtained their redress, and the only path open to him to accomplish it was that which he was now pursuing.

He took his lamp in his hand, and commenced to examine the various large tomes which were ranged along the shelves, the backs dusty and discolored, but the lettering upon them yet plainly legible, with the intention of finding where the archives of the family rested.

His anxious search was after some time rewarded by the discovery of the important volumes; and he found, on examining them, that a volume was devoted to the life of each baron. He ran his finger impetuously along the back of each book to find that one which recorded the achievements, and probably recounted the crimes and the follies of that Baron of Kingswood whose name he bore. He was grievously disappointed to find it was not there. He looked hastily tarough the succeeding volume, but he found within it but one allusion to Erle, Baron of Kingswood, surnamed "The Bad." The records were painful. Bertram of Kingswood, who succeeded Erle, appeared to have lived a wild, reckless life, and to have met a violent death at the hands of one Sir Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, whose father, known in the county as "Black Walter," had, in mortal combat, slain Erle, Baron of Kingswood.

Erle was somewhat startled to find the name of Philip Avon there recorded, especially in connection with deeds of blood—not that, judging by the character of the descendant, who bore the same name, this ought to have surprised him, but at the coincidence that he—a Kingswood, for he had no doubt of that now—had been engaged in sanguinary contest with an Avon, and had yet, he felt, to pass through the ordeal of another desperate encounter with him.

A long and vain search for the missing volume decided him in the impression that it had been purposely removed, perhaps destroyed. Old Eldra had spoken of a gap in the history, and this was no doubt the one of which she had spoken.

It seemed, however, improbable to him that the book had been lost or mislaid. No doubt it had been frequently referred to, and therefore the probability that some one of those who, since the death of Bertram, had succeeded to the title, had placed it under lock and key in some secure place, unknown, perhaps, to those of the line who had followed him.

Erle suddenly remembered the antique chest, and a thought flashed through his mind that it might be there.

A vague impression seized him that he had looked within the chest, and there had beheld a sight which curdled his blood with horror; but he tried to chase it away, as if it was some wild, dreamy fancy, and he slowly advanced towards the tall, ancient, grim-looking piece of furniture, with the intention of examining the contents, even if they should prove to be of a nature to palsy him.

As he reached it he started back in wonder, for he saw rise up slowly from its side a grey, dusky figure, which for an instant kept a bowed attitude, and then suddenly flung off from its head the folds of a mantle, and discovered the face of old Eldra. Her eyes seemed to gleam with a supernatural light, and in a low, solemn tone, said: "What seek you here?"

He instantly recognized her, and as instantly recovered his composure. "That which you told me I should find within this chamber," he answered.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The history of Erle, Baron Kingswood of Kingswood," he rejoined.

She shook her head. "I told you not that," she replied hoarsely. "The records of his life live only in that statue of THE UNAVENGED!" She pointed to that of Lady Maud. "In the blood-stained staircase of the forest lodge, in the terrible date which glistens upon yon pedestal, upon this chest, upon yon crimson-stained window-panes, in the doom which yet clings to the House. His life was written in his acts; but those acts were so hidden and secret, save in their dreadful results, that unless he himself committed them to paper they are yet unwritten."

"What were his crimes?" inquired Erle.

"They are unknown excepting to Him to whom all things are known," she replied.

"You mystify me," he said impatiently. "What of those dreadful results? Surely they gave some clue to the crimes?"

"No," she answered, laconically.

"What were they?" he replied. "Communicate them to me. I may, perhaps, find a thread which may lead me to the facts."

She approached him closely.

"Know you not in whose presence you stand?" she asked, with singular emphasis.

He raised his hand heavenward, and said: "In the presence of Him whom alone I fear."

She pointed again to the statue. "I am fluttering on the borders of another world, and I see what you cannot see," she said, with deep solemnity in her voice. "She, the Lady Maud, a sad, sorrowful, to me, palpable spirit, stands there regarding you with wistful, melancholy eyes; and there," she added, turning abruptly, and pointing to the centre of the chamber, "a gloomy, misty shadow, stands him who has doomed the race; and is it in their presence you would have recited his dire crime, and her bitter, unatoned wrongs?"

He could not help a thrill running through his frame as she spoke with marked and earnest emphasis and motioned with her finger almost vehemently. He mechanically turned his head in the direction in which she was pointing, even as if he expected to see the phantom of which she spoke; but no dusky, horrible-looking shadow stood between him and the opposite wall.

"I see nothing supernatural near to me, dame," he said; "I recognize the figure of the Lady Maud as a statue, but nothing more. Were, however, the spirits of both before me, now in this silent and solemn hour, it would surely be a fitting time for me to hear the story which has brought the doom upon the House of Kingswood, and by it learn, perhaps, how the unavenged may be avenged and rest in peace."

He started as he concluded, and once more every nerve in his body thrilled, for close to him he heard the sound of rustling silk and the soft pattering of a light footstep. "Heard you that sound, dame!" he exclaimed, in a sharp, hissing whisper.

She clutched his arm, and said, in as low a tone as his own. "See where she sweeps along. She points to the hunting-lodge with impatient gesture. She is gone."

As she concluded, the old woman bowed her head upon her trembling hands. He waited until he had somewhat recovered his own self-possession, and then said, hurriedly, "The story, dame? What are the cruel wrongs of Lady Maud, and how can they be avenged?"

"If that were known they would long since have been avenged," she returned, with a groan. "All I can tell you I have gathered from traditionary fragments, handed down verbally by those who have successively inhabited in misery and degradation, like myself, the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. It is supposed that Erle of Kingswood himself wrote the records of his crime, and that he concealed them in a small ebony box, which he secreted, no one has ever been able to discover where—"

"A small ebony box!" exclaimed Erle, breathlessly.

"Aye," answered Eldra, "the counterpart is represented in the portrait at the hunting-lodge. Every Kingswood having access to this library, has searched in vain for it. I, who have secret access to this place, by a way and by means I may not divulge, have searched this library o'er and o'er in the still night-time, with the phantom of Erle of Kingswood following my movements and glaring at my fruitless labors."

"The history of the doom of Kingswood within that box?" ejaculated Erle, clutching closely the one he had found in the gallery, and a remembrance flashed through his mind that he had seen within it a roll of vellum.

"So saith tradition," responded the old woman. "The Kingswood, male or female, who discovers that box, will possess the secret of lifting the doom, and may hope to end his days in calm happiness. The spot yet by me unsearched is yonder ancient chest, but, alas! I have no means of opening it—"

"Hark!" whispered Erle, suddenly, "there is the beat of footsteps upon the staircase. Follow me."

Ere he had concluded, the old woman, who appeared to have caught the sound too, darted with an agility which surprised him to a dark corner of the library, and appeared to vanish. He himself suddenly extinguished his lamp, and took his way to the secret door which had admitted him, and by which he could regain the ancient apartment adjoining him.

He had barely stepped through the opening and closed the door, and the spring with a sharp click, had sprung into its place, when he heard the hurried tramp of many men echoed by the vaulted roof of the old library.

Through a small crevice in the door he was enabled to catch a glimpse of the ghastly visage of Philip Avon as it flashed past him filled with malignity. There was a smile of rancorous vengeance upon it, which boded evil to Erle if he encountered him, but as he noted, a smile of intense scorn quivered his upper lip, and he moved slowly away.

"I will rest within the old chamber," he said, musingly, "they will not look for me there, and when the fruitless search has ended, I will return thither and peruse the manuscript I have within this strange old box."

He seemed instinctively to know the sudden incursion into the library was intended for himself. He was at a loss to imagine how Philip Avon should have discovered his presence at Kingswood, but he thought of him and of the circumstances with a species of apathetic contempt, when it would have been wisdom to have displayed the greatest circumspection.

He entered the ancient bed-chamber, the darkness was intense, but he had no difficulty in finding the great old-fashioned bed. He flung himself upon it with the intention of resting for an hour wrapt in thought. He sank into a profound slumber.

He dreamed!

He was in the Chace, the moonbeams lit up the trees with their cold, silver light. He stood suddenly face to face with the phantom Baron of Kingswood, and the spectre shrank from him; he followed it through glade and alley, brake and thicket; at last it paused and stood before the door of the old hunting-tower. It broke into a wild, discordant laugh, which grated so harshly and discordantly upon his ears, that he—awoke.

Awoke to find the eyes of Philip Avon gleaming in his own, to see his sallow face, yet more pale and livid with intense vindictiveness, turned towards him at the foot of the bed, while there was a dozen other eager faces crowding round, gazing upon him with looks of half affrighted astonishment.

CHAPTER LXV.

The day had long since dawned, the sun was high, and its beams streamed into the old apartment in long lines of golden dust, lighting withal all the objects within it, and making only too plain to Erle's eyes the visage of those by whom he was surrounded.

At first—for an instant only—he imagined the scene upon which now he gazed to be but another phase of his dream; but a repetition of Philip Avon's burst of exulting, scornful laughter, awakened him to a sense of his position.

He gave a hasty glance around him, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped from the bed, and before his movements could be arrested, dashed into the adjoining apartment, and once within there, stood fiercely at bay.

His sudden springing up and dash at the door was unexpected, and startled the already superstitiously-affected servants, who, with a shout of alarm, gave back so that his escape from the room was unimpeded. Not so Philip Avon, for, with a loud shout, he rushed after Erle, and stood in the doorway of the adjoining apartment to bar his further egress. The domestics and the two officers, Hamrogue and Picker, blundered in after him, and crowded round him, not one volunteering to seize him.

With a somewhat bewildered yet haughty look, Erle regarded them, but without speaking. He was recalling to his mind the circumstances which had led him to the old bed-chamber, and how he had suffered himself to be thus entrapped. Philip Avon, however, broke the silence. With his usual coarseness, he said,

"That is your Tom-cat ghost, that is the monkey spectre, who has been prowling about in the dead of the night trying the plate-chest and the trinket-cases. Here is your mighty ghost of the bad Baron of Kingswood. Look at him, a common thief and night-burglar, a sneaking, pitiful, common, thieving rogue."

Erle turned a fierce, flashing glance upon him. "Coward and hound!" he cried, between his set teeth. "We have yet an account to settle so deep that it is unnecessary for you to add to it."

"Aye, I have an account to settle with you, you underbred whelp!" roared Philip Avon, passionately; "but it is an account you shall liquidate in the horsepond, at the cart's tail, in chains and felon servitude."

Erle waved his hand in scornful contempt, and turning to the domestics, he said, "Wherefore is this demonstration? Why am I thus surrounded in so threatening a manner? If the reason for my presence here is required, I will answer it to the person alone entitled to demand it, no other."

Philip Avon laughed hoarsely. "You will answer it to a justice of the peace first, and then to a judge at session," he rejoined. "We do not ask you a reason for being here, we know it—robbery is your object."

Erle bit his nether lip hard, but he disdained to reply to this outrageous insult. He resolved, however, when the time came, not to forget to exact reparation for it.

Again he addressed the domestics, and said, haughtily, "Lord Kingswood alone has the right to ask of me wherefore I am now beneath a roof to which I have a claim but second to his own."

Philip Avon laughed insultingly.

"To him alone will I explain the cause of my appearance here," concluded Erle, unheeding his taunting laugh.

"A claim to be beneath this roof!" cried Philip Avon, contemptuously. "You shall have a claim to reach it. Ho! there, boys, a blanket. We will treat him to an outside view of the pinnacles and turrets. We will toss him opposite the window of the Lady Maud; her ladyship affects our country sports, and she will be delighted to see this fellow's elevated notions have full play."

A scarlet band suddenly appeared on the forehead of Erle, and he turned like a famished lion towards Philip Avon, who, seeming to divine his intention, cried out, "Seize him! seize him, and hurry him out!"

Mr. Picker advanced instantly to roughly collar Erle, but the latter hurled him to the ground with a tremendous crash, so that he lay upon it half-stunned. As he moved forward impetuously, the servants gave ground, but Philip Avon sprang forward and confronted Erle, who dashed his fist in his face with such force and violence, that he, too, measured his length upon the floor, completely stunned by the blow. Hamrogue, however, accustomed to frays, was an old soldier at these kind of struggles, and therefore suffered Erle to attack both Picker and Philip Avon before he made a movement, but at the very moment Erle delivered his last blow, he rushed in behind him and pinioned him. The servants instantly, seeing Erle was disarmed, lent their assistance to secure him, and before he had power to help himself, he underwent the indignity of being hand-cuffed.

He was then seized by the collar and the wrists by half-a-dozen of the men and hurried violently along the corridors and other passages leading to the principal staircase.

The tramping of feet and the hubbub of excited voices created considerable commotion, and as is usual in such cases, those who were loth to commence the attack were the most active now they were beyond the reach of harm. They used a great deal of unnecessary violence, and but for the extraordinary strength which Erle exhibited, they would probably have thrown him down and trampled upon him with blundering barbarousness.

They were brought, however, abruptly to a stand-still by a loud, sonorous, and authoritative voice. It was that of Lord Kingswood. He was dressed in travelling attire, and had that moment only arrived from London.

At the sound of his voice the hubbub ceased, the footmen fell back, and Erle stood alone and handcuffed, with Mr. Hamrogue slightly in the rear, a low, cunning smile of approbation upon his peculiarly unattractive countenance.

Erle's eyes fastened like a glittering star upon Lord Kingswood; he held himself proudly erect. "Is it by your lordship's desire that I am seized beneath your roof and manacled as a common marauding ruffian?"

The domestics, as he spoke, observed the striking resemblance both in features and voice which he bore to Lord Kingswood, and they began to conceive that they had been actively employed in committing a very unfortunate mistake, the onus of which they were promptly prepared to fling upon any shoulders but their own, and they quietly shuffled yet further back.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, confusedly, half paralyzed by the unexpected appearance of Erle, and in such a situation.

There seemed to be a fatality attending his meetings with this boy. They always occurred under circumstances either of extreme annoyance to him, or were calculated in some way to humiliate, if not to terrify him.

Armed with his papers relative to his marriage with Erla, of Kingswood Chace; inwardly convinced that Lady Kingswood could not now obtain any evidence in support of her suspicions respecting Erle's paternity, he had formed the sudden determination to visit her at Kingswood Hall, extract—nay, demand—from her an explanation of the emotions of repugnance and aversion she had recently displayed towards him; persist in the first story he told her about Erle, and defy her to disprove his statement.

On arriving at Kingswood Hall this was the first incident which met him, and his excitement at thus, in the most unforeseen manner, encountering the very object whose relation to himself he had arrived to disavow, may be perhaps better imagined than described.

Before any one could reply to his lordship's question, Erle again almost fiercely demanded if he had given instructions for him to be seized and treated thus.

Lord Kingswood looked around him bewildered, and said—"Will no one unravel this mystery?"

Philip Avon at this moment came up, his face deadly pale, his eyes bloodshot, and a lump on his forehead almost as big as an egg. A most murderous expression was upon his countenance, but on perceiving Lord Kingswood, he stopped short, and said—"My lord, there is no mystery; we have secured a thief. Your lordship need not trouble yourself about the matter. Leave me to deal with him. I promise you that he shall never again be the subject of difficulty or annoyance to you."

"Lord Kingswood, I am beneath your roof, will you dare to permit me to be longer subject to this outrage?" exclaimed Erle, in a clear, determined voice.

"Of what are you accused?" inquired his lordship.

"Of robbery, your lordship. May it please your lordship, I am the officer, and he is in my custody," observed Mr. Hamrogue.

Erle wrestled with his manacles furiously, and again stretching them forth towards Lord Kingswood, shrieked, rather than said—"Lord Kingswood, will you permit me to be thus shamefully, infamously outraged? Will you suffer your own name to be thus sullied?"

This was rather an unfortunate remark for Erle to make, because it raised an awkward curiosity as to its real meaning. His lordship's eyelids fluttered, and only said—"Have peace for a few minutes. I will hear you, do not doubt."

He turned to Philip Avon, and exclaimed, "Who charges this youth with robbery?"

"I do, my lord," exclaimed Philip Avon, quickly.

"Liar and mongrel!" cried Erle, passionately, the hot tears of rage and shame forcing their way into his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood bent his eyes steadfastly upon Philip Avon, and said—"I hope your charge is well founded."

"It is, my lord," he replied, almost defiantly.

"And that you will be able to prove it," subjoined Lord Kingswood.

"I can, my lord," exclaimed Philip, in the same tone.

Another burst of vehement and indignant denial came from Erle's lips. "Robbery of what, villain?" he cried, in scornful excitement. "Of your courage and your truth, if ever you possessed the spectre of either virtue."

Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "You assert that Mr. Gower has committed a robbery," said his lordship, trying in vain to affect a calmness of manner. "It is a very serious and a very grave charge, and should not be lightly made. Of what does the robbery consist?"

"Lord Kingswood, can you conscientiously believe that I could be guilty of such a shameful act?" interposed Erle, with intense excitement, again making a mad effort to twist asunder the handcuffs. "By your immortal soul, do you believe it? You will not—dare not say that you do?"

"Be silent for the present, Mr. Gower," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "you will find it to your advantage."

"I scorn advantage," exclaimed Erle, foaming at the mouth. "You are sullying my honor, and your own, by suffering me to remain manacled like a malefactor."

"I must hear Mr. Avon," returned Lord Kingswood, in a state of painful embarrassment; and turning to him, said, hastily, "pray, Philip, be brief and to the point. What robbery has Mr. Gower committed?"

Philip Avon dropped his eyes, but he spoke in the same brusque, defiant tone as before.

"It is a mere petty larceny theft, my lord," he said "he stole the pistol and some other weapon belonging to one of the men who are employed on your lordship's estate."

"Is he here?" inquired Lord Kingswood, rapidly.

"No, my lord," cried several of the servants together.

"What is his name?" he inquired, in a more stern tone than he had yet used.

"Tubal Kish, and may it please your lordship," said Hamrogue, quickly, anxious that his skill, dexterity, and knowledge should be appreciated.

A growl of rage burst from Philip Avon's lips, and an exclamation from Lord Kingswood. He turned to Philip, and said, sharply—"Is this so?"

"I believe that is the name, my lord," returned Philip Avon, somewhat sullenly, as he feared that the game was going against him.

A shade of displeasure passed over the features of Lord Kingswood, and he said, in an angry tone, to Hamrogue—"What other evidence have you?"

"None, an' please your lordship," he replied, with a low bow. "But Tubal Kish will swear to it, and he is a regular hard swear—"

"Silence," cried Lord Kingswood, with grating teeth. "Release him instantly; he ought never to have been thus treated."

"Nor perhaps would he, my lord," subjoined Philip, with a scowl, "but for his own violence."

"It is not in the blood of a Kingswood," cried Erle, dashing the handcuffs to the floor as the officer, at the bidding of Lord Kingswood, released him, "to submit patiently to outrages from those beneath them in honor and honesty."

Lord Kingswood started as Philip Avon was about to make a rejoinder, and tried to stay him, but Philip would speak. "My lord," he cried, "I must speak and I will be heard, aye, and by your lordship, too."

"Follow me to my library," said Lord Kingswood, hurriedly, "and—"

"No, my lord, with all respect, I must peremptorily decline to do so," exclaimed Philip. "Your lordship understands in what relation I stand to you, and how much nearer that relationship is likely to be drawn. I must, therefore, after what has passed, call upon you publicly to disown this fellow or me."

"You speak to me in riddles," cried his lordship, excitedly, "I am quite ready to listen to all you may wish to say to me, but it must be within my own chamber. Follow me!"

Lord Kingswood hurried away as he concluded, and Philip Avon pointed to the direction he had taken in an authoritative kind of way, which the servants slowly, and with evident reluctance, obeyed; Erle, however, for a moment hesitated, but for the sake of preventing an unseemly disturbance which might reach the ears of Lady Maud and distress her, he, too, followed to the library, and entered it, taking precedence of Philip Avon, which the latter acknowledged with a sharply bitten lip.

Lord Kingswood, on finding that he was followed by the group, from which he had attempted to escape, peremptorily ordered the domestics and the officer to remain without the library. Philip Avon would again have interfered, but his lordship was so determined that he carried his point.

Lord Kingswood, Erle, and Philip Avon were therefore left alone together.

"Now that we are alone," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, again trying to assume a calmness he was far from feeling, "I will listen, Philip, to what you have to say, and I shall be glad if you will drop all metaphor."

"Metaphor, my lord," cried Philip Avon, "I fancied I spoke out plainly and bluntly enough."

"When you speak of my disowning Mr. Gower you speak to me in riddles," said Lord Kingswood, with some loftiness of manner.

"Oh, if that is your lordship's meaning, you shall have no reason to complain of the clearness of mine," rejoined Philip. "Firstly, then, it is not long since your lordship introduced this fellow—"

"Bullies only employ coarse epithets," interpolated Erle, disdainfully.

"It is not exactly the word," suggested Lord Kingswood.

"Shall I say your left-handed son, my lord?" he cried, with a bitter sneer.

But that Lord Kingswood rose up with a fearful burst of anger, Erle would have sprung forward and felled Philip to the ground. The latter, however, by Lord Kingswood's passionate and indignant exclamations, found he had committed himself, and he drowned Lord Kingswood's last words by almost shouting—

"I apologize, my lord—I apologize to you, my lord—I apologize to you!"

Lord Kingswood sat down again, white and silent, and Philip Avon proceeded, himself pallid, and his lips quivering with excitement. His furtive glances betrayed to him the conflict of emotions his unconsidered taunt had raised in the breast of Lord Kingswood, and he saw the necessity, for his own success with him, to be more guarded in his observations. His hatred of Erle was so intense that he nevertheless found it a task of no small difficulty to speak of him in any but insulting terms.

"I met beneath the roof," he went on to say, "yon individual. It was your lordship's introduction. I conceived an antipathy to him. It was instinctive, and my instincts have always proved correct. Your lordship is aware that I have long entertained a passion for Lady Maud St. Clair, and that I have addressed my suit to her under your lordship's sanction. I quickly saw that he dared to raise his eyes in that direction—"

"Preposterous! incredible!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with an angry and astounded look at Erle.

The latter, however, moved not. His face, pale, was yet calm and even rigid in its haughty, proud, defiant expression, and his eye, glittering and fixed, settled on Philip Avon's countenance a stern, unwavering gaze.

"Preposterous and even incredible as it may appear to one with a grain of sense or even decency, he has had the audacity to attempt to ensnare the affections of the poor, weak girl, and by some strange, mysterious cozening, has, I am afraid, to some extent enlisted her sympathies in his favor; hence the collision between us, in which he took an assassin-like advantage of me—"

"Mean, paltry, lying subterfuge for a want of skill and courage," interpolated Erle.

Lord Kingswood made no remark, but he leaned his elbow on the table and covered his face with his hand.

"Well, my lord," continued Philip, in noticing Erle's remark, "you are aware that after this event your *protege* bolted hence, and you supposed, I have no doubt, as I did, that nothing more would be heard of him. Perhaps, had Lady Maud St. Clair remained in London, nothing more would have been heard of him down here, but Lady Maud has come down to Kingswood, and before you. You see the result. Let me explain to your lordship that before the visit of this questionable person to Kingswood, the Spectre of the House of Kingswood, said to restlessly haunt the Chace, had for years been indulging in the very calmest repose, but no sooner had your new guest made his appearance, than the spectre, much troubled in his phantom mind, reappeared in the Chace, to the great alarm of the bats and owls, as well as to a poacher locating in the vicinity. Your guest abruptly disappears, and the ghost vanishes also. But suddenly the spectre is seen again, and as Lady Maud had reappeared at Kingswood Hall, I guessed the double of the spectre could not be far off. I do not place any faith in the existence of apparitions. I therefore searched for the flesh, and found it in the person of your lordship's *protege* there, not where I expected to find him, but comfortably sleeping in an old bed-chamber in the ancient portion of the Hall, whither he had no doubt betaken himself to enjoy the luxury of gazing on the portrait of the ancestral Lady Maud. I had some difficulty to unkennel him, but once on his track, I fairly run him to earth. Now, Lord Kingswood, I must understand before we part whether it is your intention to continue to regard me as the future husband of Lady Maud, and therefore disavow—"

Kord Kingswood rose. "Philip," he said, in a stern and somewhat determined tone, "your surmises and your suspicions are wholly unfounded and incorrect, of that I am assured. You may leave Mr. Gower in my hands, and be quite at rest with respect to any fancied—mad—design you may suppose him to entertain with regard to Lady Maud—"

"Your pardon, Lord Kingswood; I cannot leave him to you, nor while he is here can I be at rest. I intend to give him into the custody of Hamrogue and take him before a justice of the peace on a charge of theft, which shall be substantiated."

"He will be in my charge," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a frown. "I will be responsible for his appearance. I cannot prolong this interview, I am not well—"

"My lord, whatever may be your presumptions with respect to this Gower, mine are no less strong," exclaimed Philip Avon, doggedly. "I do not intend to give him a chance of having an interview with Lady Maud."

"You appear to be laboring under a frantic delusion," interrupted Lord Kingswood, hastily.

Philip Avon smiled grimly and shook his head.

"If you persist in remaining unsatisfied I cannot help it," continued Lord Kingswood; "but if it will be a satisfaction to you, I will take care, that while in Kingswood Hall, Mr. Gower shall be placed in an apartment from which he cannot depart but with my sanction. In the eastern wing of the building there is a tower, within it a chamber of extraordinary strength, he shall be placed therein, and I myself will keep the key and alone visit him, until he is, under my direction, placed in a position which cannot possibly give you further discomfort."

Philip Avon, however, required much further persuasion, and eventually reluctantly acceded to Lord Kingswood's plan—a plan he had formed because he wished to have that interview with Erle, in which he hoped to persuade him to fall in with Sir Harris Stanhope's design—a design he did not believe he would reject.

Erle, determined to remain at all risks at Kingswood Hall, offered no opposition to Lord Kingswood's proposition, and assuming a lofty, dignified air, suffered himself to be escorted by Lord Kingswood, Philip Avon, the officer, and some of the domestics, to the tower in the eastern wing.

Philip Avon was defeated in the hope that Lady Maud would appear, drawn by curiosity to the scene; and was obliged to content himself with seeing Erle locked within the solitary ancient chamber, and the key safely in Lord Kingswood's possession.

Lord Kingswood dismissed him in brief terms, promising to grant him an interview on the day following. Philip retired with an unsatisfactory sense of defeat which he did not care to acknowledge to himself. Lord Kingswood betook himself to his private apartments, harassed and troubled by the new source of vexation he had had to encounter; and Erle was left alone in the dull and solitary tower to commune with his own thoughts, such as they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARCH INTO VIRGINIA.

THIRTEEN THOUSAND U. S. TROOPS IN VIRGINIA—ASSASSINATION OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA AND ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—CAPTURE OF CAVALRY, &C.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The Administration has struck a blow, at once decisive and important.

The troops yesterday received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Ammunition was furnished and every preparation made for a conflict. Nothing definite, however, was known as to their destination.

The order to march this morning was communicated to the officers of the different regiments at the evening parades, but it was kept from the men until shortly before midnight, when it was generally promulgated.

It was received by the various corps with true martial enthusiasm. The men having been kept in readiness since the night before last, the final packing up did not require much time.

About ten o'clock last night four companies of picked men moved over the *Long Bridge* as an advanced guard. They were sent to reconnoitre, and if assailed were ordered to signal, when they would have been reinforced by a corps of regular infantry and a battery. The Washington City National Rifles, Captain Smead, remained at the terminus until between one and two this morning, acting as an advanced guard. These were followed by other district volunteer companies, acting in a similar capacity.

At midnight the infantry regiment, artillery and cavalry corps began to muster and assume marching order. As fast as the several regiments were ready they proceeded to the Long Bridge, those in Washington being directed to take that route. The troops quartered at Georgetown, the Sixty ninth, Fifth, Eighth and Twenty eighth New York regiments, proceeded across the chain bridge under the command of General McDowell. The imposing scene was at the Bridge, where the main body of the troops crossed. Eight thousand infantry, two regular cavalry companies and two sections of Sherman's artillery battalion, consisting of two batteries, were in line on the Washington side of the Long Bridge at two o'clock.

The Twelfth New York was the first on the ground. The army crossed the bridge in the following order:—Twelfth regiment, New York, Twenty fifth regiment, New York, First regiment, Michigan, First, Second, Third and Fourth, New Jersey, in ordered named.

Two regular cavalry corps, of eighty men each, and Sherman's two batteries; next and last came the New York Seventh, with more men than any other regiment.

Following these was a long train of wagons filled with wheelbarrows, shovels, &c. Altogether there were at least thirteen thousand troops in the advancing army.

Major-General Mansfield commanded the movement of the troops until the last corps left the district. The first regiment of the main body that crossed the Long Bridge started at twenty minutes past two, and the last corps left the district about a quarter to four o'clock.

The army could not have had a more beautiful night for their march. The atmosphere was balmy, and the moon never shone more clear. The only civilian allowed to cross the Long Bridge was Senator Chandler, of Michigan. So little noise did they cause that hardly any of the denizens of Washington were awakened from their peaceful slumbers.

The scene at the bridges was grand and impressive beyond description. The night was cool and clear, thousands of men were drawn up in line and defiling past, but hardly a whisper was heard from among them.

They all preserved a solemn silence as though sensible of the momentousness of the occasion, but the rumbling of artillery, the clatter of cavalry, the muskets and ordnance glittering in the moonlight, the suppressed commands of the officers imparted, nevertheless, a liveliness to the imposing spectacle.

Secretary Seward witnessed the crossing from the sidewalk near the foot of the bridge. He came very near being rudely treated by one of the pickets put out to keep the streets clear.

The troops took rations for only two days along, but large quantities of provisions will be sent across the river to-day. All the troops carried their knapsacks, blankets, canteens, &c., with the exception of the Seventh, which went without knapsacks.

At four o'clock, A. M., Major-General Sanford and staff left Willard's, and proceeded to Virginia, to take command of the advancing forces. He informed the reporter that he should establish his head-quarters on Arlington Heights, and should take possession of the Arlington Mansion.

Two thousand troops, the New York Zouaves and New York Twelfth, were to occupy Alexandria, the remainder were to occupy the heights by regiments from the Chain Bridge to Alexandria. Major-General Mansfield took the greatest care to instruct the troops just before entering upon the bridge to take the route step—that is, to avoid marching together, as the solid step might injure the bridge.

The main body of the troops were all across the bridges in two hours after they commenced entering upon them. Three or four companies marched over at a time. The few spectators that witnessed the crossing were momentarily expecting to hear reports of firearms from the other side, but they were sadly disappointed in their expectation, not a gun being fired.

It was soon known, however, that the Virginia pickets having been previously driven in by the advance guard, one of the regiments took the road leading to the Fairfax Court House, about twenty miles from Washington, while another one, the Jersey, stopped at the Forks, a mile from the Long Bridge, to await orders.

An advance into Virginia was also made from another point, namely, at the mouth of the Potomac Aqueduct at Georgetown. The Seventh New York and a Pennsylvania Regiment were among the troops, and after several hours' march occupied a point between the bridge and Columbia Spring, on the line of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad.

The vanguard to Virginia was commanded by Inspector-General Stone, under whom Captain Smead led the centre, Adjutant Abbott the left, and Captain Stewart, son of Hon. Charles Stewart, the right wing. They stopped within half a mile of the town, waiting for the main body; the coast was clear.

The excitement among the troops in Washington is most intense. All are anxious to join their comrades in the field, and every regiment hopes to be favored. The commanding officers are besieged with importunities for the privilege of being ordered out. Notwithstanding the departure of eleven thousand men last night, the force remaining in Washington is quite as large as it was a week since, and almost every train brings a regiment.

The Virginia troops now, having three railroad concentrations, from Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Winchester, will probably advance and attack.

There is a battery at each end of the Long and Chain Bridges, and one at Alexandria with the Zouaves. By peremptory orders from Gen. Scott, no civilians are permitted to pass either way.

It is reported that as the Virginia troops retired from Alexandria, one of them was killed by a return shot from the Federal forces. There is a prospect of capturing the fugitives. Among the forces sent over to Virginia, were two batteries and two companies of artillery. Numerous wagons, with spades, picks, and other entrenching tools, also passed into that State. The proceedings attending the movements of the troops were conducted with the best possible order.

OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The Zouaves went on board the Baltimore and Mount Vernon before daylight, and at 5 A. M., reached Alexandria in good order. Just before reaching the wharf, the commander of the Pawnee sent a flag of truce to the rebel forces, giving them one hour in which to withdraw from the town. The Major commanding the Virginia troops refused the demand. The Captain then said the consequences would be terrible to the village and all its inhabitants, and prolonged the time till 8 o'clock. At 6 A. M., Ellsworth's Zouaves landed and took position on the dock.

The troops were accompanied by two guns from Sherman's Battery, and a company of U. S cavalry. Sherman's Battery came like a whirlwind. As they marched into the street a whistle saluted them, and a train of cars steamed away, probably bearing the Secession forces. One company of horse, numbering forty five were captured, with horses, accoutrements, and flag, mounted, mounting, and preparing to mount.

Simultaneously with the landing of the Zouaves the first Michigan regiment entered Alexandria via the Long Bridge, and proceeded to the railroad depot, of which they took possession, capturing a troop of the cavalry, numbering one hundred, with their horses and equipments.

The Zouaves landed in good order in double quick time, each company formed in company order on the street facing the river. Company E, Captain Leverich, first disembarked, and was at once detailed to destroy the railroad track leading to Richmond, which service they promptly performed.

The Federal troops hold quiet possession of Alexandria. The women and children have left. The Unionists, have, of course, no molestation to fear from the troops, at whose presence they express much satisfaction. The general belief is, that it will have a tendency to revive business, open further communications with Washington and the North, and afford greater security to the resident citizens. Some of them have expressed a wish that the entire State might be placed under Government protection. About 7,000 of the Government troops are now in Alexandria. The New York Seventh and Sixty-ninth regiments are holding Arlington Heights. They are now desirous of continuing in the service, and it is believed they will do so, after their present enlistment expires.

The telegraph at Alexandria was seized in time to prevent the transmission of messages South, announcing the movement of the Federal troops.

The Sixty-ninth crossed the river below Georgetown, and took position on the Orange and Manassas Gap Railroad, which runs out of Alexandria. They took up some of the rails, and awaited in ambush the arrival of the train, which they supposed would leave Alexandria with the fugitives. When it came it was surrounded, and the train captured. About seven hundred persons were on board, including three hundred men. The entire party were held as prisoners of war, and will be kept as hostages for the fair treatment of any loyal citizens that may fall into the hands of the rebels. (Doubtless they will be released.)

Among the prisoners captured by the troops this morning are several persons who have been ringleaders in the rebellion movements in Virginia. Dr. Boyle is one. Capt. Shaffer, from Washington, has also been caught at Alexandria.

A considerable number of regular troops are among the Government forces which now occupy Alexandria.

DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

Captain Fox made an official report of the circumstances attending the killing of Col. Ellsworth, as follows:—

"TO THE PRESIDENT:—It appears that Ellsworth was marching up the street with a squad of men to take possession of the telegraph office, when, in passing along, he noticed a Secession flag flying from the top of a building. He immediately exclaimed—"That has to come down," and entering the building made his way up to the roof with one of his men, hauled down the rebel emblem, and wrapping it around his body, descended.

"While on the second floor, a Secessionist came out of a door with a cocked double-barreled shot gun. He took aim at Ellsworth, when the latter attempted to strike the gun out of the way with his fist, as he struck it one of the barrels was discharged, lodging a whole load of buckshot in Ellsworth's body, killing him instantly. His companion instantly shot the murderer through the head with a revolver, making him a corpse a second or two after the fall of the noble Ellsworth. The house was immediately surrounded and all the inmates made prisoners."

The remains of the deceased were brought over to the Navy Yard this morning. The doleful peals of all the bells in the city are announcing the sad news to the citizens.

He was laid upon a bed in a room near at hand, with the rebel flag stained with his blood, and now a trophy to his glory, about his feet.

Lieutenant Pendergast, of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York, was the first soldier who landed at Alexandria. He was in command of the steamer Mount Vernon, the vessel which conveyed the Fire Zouaves of New York from their camp to that point, and was in company with Col. Ellsworth at the occupation of the city.

The news of the death of Col. Ellsworth was not generally known throughout Washington until towards 10 o'clock to-day. The excitement was intense, especially among the military, who express the greatest desire to be sent over to Virginia. From a spy-glass view of Alexandria, the Stars and Stripes are prominently flying from various quarters.

The President visited the navy yard and saw the remains of his friend Colonel Ellsworth.

Col. Ellsworth is said to have been only 23 years of age. He was born in Massachusetts, and lost his parents while still very young. He lived some time in New York, and in his early youth manifested strong military inclinations. Some eight years since he removed to Chicago, arriving there penniless, and without a profession or certain means of support, but, by his industry, perseverance and energy, he soon achieved an honorable position in that city. The exciting exploits of the French Zouaves at Sevastopol first led him to investigate this description of drill.

At one time he studied law with Mr. Lincoln.

It may not be amiss to mention at this time that Col. Ellsworth has been engaged for the last two years to Miss Caroline Spafford, a young lady of seventeen, the daughter of Chas. F. Spafford, a responsible resident of Rockford, Ill. Miss Spafford was recently a student in the Carroll Institute, Brooklyn.—The marriage would probably have taken place ere this, but for the breaking out of the war.

The Washington firemen were the first to show their respect for Ellsworth, by having their engine houses in mourning. This bloody murder is the only drawback to the success of the day.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The remains of Col. Ellsworth were this morning conveyed to the East room of the White House, where they lay in state for several hours.

The coffin was draped with the American flag, and adorned with choice flowers. The face was exposed to public view. Many persons, principally military, visited the room.

The President and his family visited the remains and took a farewell look at the face of their much loved friend, before the crowd was admitted. The body will be taken to the home of his father in New York—he was an only son.

All was quiet at Alexandria this morning. The regiment of New York Fire Zouaves and the Michigan regiment occupy the town.

There are no signs as yet of any advance of the rebels towards the town. It is the opinion of many, among the military men, that there will probably be a battle in the vicinity of Alexandria.

☞ Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold region will bleed to death, as the papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

☞ Three thousand Syrian Christian girls have been carried off and sold to the Turks during the late disturbances.

☞ Assays of jewelry are now made in some of the shops in London for twenty-five cents. Since oreide has appeared there has been considerable doubt as to the genuineness of gold ornaments, and cheap tests are necessary.

☞ John Brigham, in the Superior Court of Massachusetts, at Charleston, lately decided that the bearer of an order for printing, painting of banners, or any other work done for a political or other party or society of which he might be a member—is the person responsible for the work. In that case, persons who take the trouble of giving orders have need to be careful, and the printers and painters may look out for the responsibility of those from whom they *receive* orders—seeing that there cannot be *two* responsibilities for the same work.

☞ A most ridiculous habit among some young people is the cultivation of melancholy as an interesting accomplishment.

☞ Tears are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once; then joy is sorrow, and sorrow is joy.

☞ It is dangerous for one to climb his family-tree too high, for he is very apt to get among dead and decayed branches.

☞ Melancholy sees the "latter end" of things—things as they will be, and not as they are. It looks upon a beautiful face and sees but a grinning skull.

☞ Men look at the faults of others with a telescope—at their own with the same instrument reversed, or not at all.

☞ If all the labor of the British empire were performed by hand, it would require the active exertion of every full grown man in the world.

☞ One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

☞ When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step towards wealth.

☞ An English admiral being about to engage a Spanish vessel, thus addressed his men:—"My good fellows, never let it be said that we, who live on prime beef and mutton, were beaten by those who have nothing to eat but oranges and lemons."

EPITAPH ON FOOTE, THE COMEDIAN.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas, is hurled;
Death took him off who took off all the world.

☞ The Providence Journal says:—"One of our non-resistance friends was lately asked how he got on with his principles in these days. 'Oh, finely!' said he; 'I am so strongly attached to them, that I did not even resist my son when he wanted to enlist.'"

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

WASHINGTON.

The successor of Col. Ellsworth will be Lieut. Col. Farnham, who was a member of the 7th Regiment until a few days since he was elected to the above position. He was feted by the 7th on the occasion of his high promotion, and is known in New York as its most daring fireman—too daring (it is said) to be an entirely safe chief engineer of the department.

The two Ohio regiments that reached here yesterday and the one to-day from Connecticut, were enthusiastically cheered as they marched in fine style and shape into the city.

Reliable intelligence has been received here, that in the Sewall's Point engagement, the United States steamer was not injured, nor were any of her crew. The Government, to-day, sent an immense quantity of tools and fortification implements to Arlington Heights, in special trains.

It seems to be true that a body of Federal troops has advanced to Fairfax Court House, to take possession of the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap Railroad, with a view of intercepting the advance of Virginia troops toward Alexandria from Richmond and other points. Nearly three thousand troops arrived here yesterday, comprising some from New York and the two Ohio regiments. A third Connecticut regiment came in this morning.

An advance of the Secession force at Culpepper Court House is anticipated. This outpost of the rebels is 62 miles from Alexandria, on the Orange Railroad. It has been reported that the force there is considerable.

Sherman's Light Artillery Battery and the District of Columbia militia command the Maryland shore above Georgetown, and will meet any attack that may be made by forces moving from Harper's Ferry.

ARMS FROM ENGLAND.—The Government has succeeded in securing all the products of all the arms manufactories and cannon manufactories in Great Britain, which are permitted to make arms for foreign States, for three months to come.

This decisive movement will at once strengthen the Government in its efforts to put down rebellion, and will also serve the further purpose of convincing the British Government that there is to be no half-way work in the pending war.

VIRGINIA.

FORTRESS MONROE.—*Baltimore, May 24.*—A steamer from Norfolk is just in. General Butler left Fort Monroe yesterday, with 4,000 men in propellers, intending to land them in a spot near Lyndhaven, whence he could make the land attack on Sewall's Point. A reconnoissance of the batteries near Norfolk, in the possession of the Virginians, had been made, with startling results. An attempt to pass through the harbor to Norfolk, which had been in contemplation, was abandoned in consequence of the intelligence thus obtained. A special messenger was immediately sent to Washington, with an account of the number and position of these batteries.

The force of the Virginians between Norfolk and Sewall's Point now amounts to between 8,000 and 9,000 men, with a reserve of 12,000 men, at points easily reached by railroad. The batteries near Norfolk extend for a distance of five miles, and in them are mounted four hundred cannon of large calibre. Some of the guns, as seen by the reconnoitring party, were fifteen and sixteen feet long. There were plenty of shot and shells. The artillerymen are all well trained, and are commanded by officers late of the United States Army. When it is remembered that no less than twenty-three hundred and thirty-eight (2,338) cannon of the largest calibre were saved at the Navy Yard and taken possession of by the Virginians, it will no longer be wondered where all their cannon come from. Many of these, more than half the entire number, are nine and eleven inch bore Dahlgren guns, the destructiveness of which is so well known.

THE DEFENCES OF NORFOLK.—Norfolk itself, and the Navy Yard, are now considered impregnable. The vessels loaded with stone and sunk in the harbor, are the least obstructions that our fleet would meet with, in attempting to enter it. Of these there are *seventeen* so placed as to be completely under the guns of the Navy Hospital and of Fort Norfolk. At Craney's Island there are 2,000 troops, and batteries mounting thirty Dahlgren guns. At Sandy Point, opposite Craney Island, there are 24 more Dahlgren guns in batteries; and some 500 troops. At the Naval Hospital there is a crescent-shaped battery in which are mounted 30 Columbiads. There are here at least 1,500 men, and a furnace for heating shot. Fort Norfolk, opposite, mounts about a 100 guns of various calibre, some of them quite light. But the gunners in this work are protected by merlons.

There are 1,000 men attached to the fort, but they are not all within the walls. At the southern point of the fort is the new water battery, in which the Virginians captured 1,500 kegs of gunpowder. It may be mentioned here, as the fact is not generally known, that 35,000 pounds of gunpowder were taken out of the magazines of the steamer Merrimac by the Virginians. Such are some of the defences at Norfolk.

DOINGS AT FORT MONROE.—BALTIMORE, May 25.—There had been several bombardments of the Secession battery at Sewall's Point, with no definite result.

GEN. BUTLER.—Gen. Butler suddenly made his appearance yesterday in Hampton at the head of the Vermont Regiment, on a reconnoissance. The Rebels attempted to burn the long bridge, but were frustrated by the activity of the advance guard. To-day (Friday) he extends his reconnoissance several miles up the Peninsula, between the James and York rivers.

The Troy and Vermont Regiments have encamped near Hampton, this being the first occupation of Virginia soil by the Federal troops.

ALABAMA.

The Delta publishes a despatch from Montgomery, stating that the Government had received a letter from Mr. Yancey, in which he stated that he had no doubt of the success of his European mission.

The new tariff takes effect on the 31st of August.

The 13th proximo has been appointed by President Davis, in accordance with the recommendation of Congress, as a day of fasting and prayer throughout the Confederate States.

KANSAS.

Kansas, Iowa and Illinois have been ordered to hold ten thousand men in camp to protect the Union men of Missouri, and secure the safe transit of stores over the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Judge Arny reports that abundant rains have fallen in Kansas, and the crops in that State never looked more prosperous. The State militia are being organized into eleven regiments, and the State authorities have determined to equip them as well as possible for home defence, having decided to discountenance any invasion of the State of Missouri, unless Missouri shall secede from the Union, or shall invade Kansas, or the safe transit across the State be interrupted.

With these arrangements, and the prompt and decisive steps adopted by Gen. Harney, and the co-operation of Gen. Price, the President expects that peace will be maintained both in Missouri and Kansas.

KENTUCKY.

FRANKFORT, May 24.—The Senate passed resolutions declaring that Kentucky will not sever her connections with the National Government, nor take up arms for either belligerent party, but will arm herself for the preservation of peace within her borders, and tendering her services as a mediator to effect a just and honorable peace.

The House amended and passed a bill empowering the committee, appointed yesterday to investigate the charges against the Governor, to set thirty days.

The Legislature has adjourned *sine die*.

The State Guard are required in the new military law, to swear to support the Constitution of the United States, as well as of Kentucky—the vote in the House was 49 yeas to 38 nays.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, May 24.—The State troops at Jefferson City, numbering about 4,000, were ordered to disband yesterday, by Gen. Price. At first they refused to obey, but it is believed that they will quietly disperse and return to their homes.

General Harney publishes, at St. Louis, the agreement made between himself and Gen. Price, the latter to disband the State forces. In future, all complaints of violence are to be made to Gen. Price, and if he fails to furnish redress Gen. Harney is to do so. The St. Louis Democrat announces editorially that the July interest of the school fund will not be diverted to military purposes, as Gov. Jackson had designed.

LATE NEWS.

Washington was greatly excited on Saturday, by a report that a battle had begun near Alexandria. It was a false alarm, originating in camp fires, and in an attack on the United States picket. The rapidity with which the regiments in Washington answered the call was surprising. The First Ohio was ready in three minutes, and the Connecticut in fifteen minutes. The West Point Battery was at the scene of the supposed conflict in less than half an hour from the time it received its orders. General Mansfield headed the column of troops, and would have led the army had there been actual battle. The infantry march was at the rate of six miles an hour—to the Virginia side of the Long Bridge, where the alarm was ascertained to be false.

The telegraphic account of a battle at Sewall's Point on Saturday, was destitute of truth.

There are now about 6,000 men within or under the walls of Fortress Monroe.

Gen. Cadwalader has been superseded by Major Gen. Cooper, promoted, in the command of the Maryland volunteers. He has been ordered to report to Gen. Butler at Fortress Monroe.

The Union majority in 18 counties of Western Virginia is 11,532.

The number of troops at Harper's Ferry is about 4,000, the secession vote there was 4,000.

The body of Jackson, the assassin of Col. Ellsworth, has been taken to Fairfax county for burial. All the furniture has been removed from the Marshall House, and it is now in the possession of the United States troops. The Marshall House is the hotel in which Gen. Washington stopped, and Col. Ellsworth was shot near the door of the chamber that Washington occupied.

Major-General Sandford has issued a Proclamation in Fairfax county, Virginia, in which he says:—"All its inhabitants may return to or remain in their homes, and pursue their usual pacific occupations in peace and confidence, and with the assured protection to their persons and property, as the United States forces in Virginia will be employed for no other purpose than that of suppressing unlawful combinations against the constituted authorities of the Union, and of causing the laws thereof to be duly respected and executed."

SLAVES AT FORT MONROE.—Three fugitives, the property of Col. Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought in by our picket guard yesterday. They represent that they were about to be sent South, and hence sought protection. Major Carey came in with a flag of truce and modestly claimed their rendition under the fugitive slave law, but was informed by Gen. Butler that under the peculiar circumstances he considered the fugitives contraband of war, and had set them to work inside of the fortress. Col. Mallory was politely informed that so soon as he should visit the fortress and take a solemn oath to obey the laws of the United States his property would be promptly returned.

ALEXANDRIA, May 26.—Col. Wilcox, the commandant here, has issued a proclamation, instituting strict martial law. The citizens are assured that they will be protected in their persons, property and slaves. All public property will be respected, unless the United States forces are attacked. The citizens are prohibited from entering or leaving the city, without a written pass. All outrages or excesses by the Federal soldiers will be promptly punished.

CHAMBERSBURG (Pa.), May 25.—We desire reinforcements neither of Artillery, Dragoons nor Infantry, as mentioned in the dispatch published in this morning's papers, but are prepared to repel any invasion of the soil of Pennsylvania, promptly.

GENERAL E. C. WILLIAMS.
Per JOHN J. PATTERSON, Aid-de-Camp.

NEW YORK, May 26.—Lieut. Slemmer, Lieut. Gilman, and Slemmer's company, have arrived. They all appear much worn and fatigued, and change of place was necessary. Everything was quiet at Pickens. Col. Brown is in command.

FRANKFORD, KY., May 25.—The Border States Convention will meet in this city on Monday next.

CLOSING OF THE MAILS.—Postmaster General Blair has issued the following order. All the postal service in the States of Virginia, N. Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, will be suspended from and after the 31st inst. Letters for offices temporarily closed by this order will be forwarded to the dead-letter office, except those for Western Virginia, which will be sent to Wheeling.

Captain Adams, commanding the Federal fleet off Pensacola, has been ordered home. His dinners to the rebel officers were not exactly relished by the naval authorities here.

The remains of Colonel Ellsworth passed through this city on Saturday night. At New York they were attended through the city by a very large military and civic procession.—They were being taken to his father's residence—for whom a subscription is being made up.

☞ A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

☞ A friend gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other shaving utensils, telling him at the same time he would find some other pretty little things in it. "I hope," said Garrick, "that one of them is a pretty little barber."

MILITARY MATTERS.

WAR TALK.—The war which is upon us is the great topic of conversation in the streets, the public places, and at the family fireside. All sorts of remarks are made—some patriotic, some sorrowful, some amusing. One young girl, much alarmed at the idea of her male friends being called upon to go to the war, perhaps killed in the conflict, exclaimed with tears in her eyes, "*How dreadful it would be to live without men!*"

One young lady of our acquaintance was heard to declare that she was sorry she could not fight in defence of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and to die an *old maid*, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as *anybody* could be called to make!

An Irish volunteer, whose life is insured for a few thousand dollars, went into the office in State street, Boston, a few days ago, and very innocently said, "Gintlemen, will ye be plazed to give me a little o' that money in advance, as I'm going to the wars, and the Lord only knows if ever I'll live to come back agin." After a general roar of laughter the company make him up a purse.

THE FORT MOULTRIE QUESTION.—Yesterday afternoon we had some conversation with Mr. Wm. Dickson, who has just returned from Charleston, where he has been living since December last. He says that it is believed in Charleston that at least two hundred soldiers were killed during the bombardment of Fort Sumter; and from what he saw of the action, he thinks it must be the truth. He says that Fort Moultrie was almost entirely destroyed by the fire from Col. Anderson's guns.—*Philada. Sunday Dispatch.*

FORT MOULTRIE.—Col. Anderson has expressed his opinion that there was a loss of life on the part of the Confederate troops, which has purposely been concealed from the public eye. One fact first excited Col. Anderson's suspicions, and that was that Gen. Beauregard did not, in his first dispatches to Jeff. Davis, say there was no loss of life.—"Truth will out," said the Colonel, "and we shall some day understand the facts in the case."

HOW THE GOVERNMENT PUNISHES ITS DESERTERS.—At the St. Louis Arsenal, says a St. Louis paper, the deserters from the service are punished by mounting them on a real hobby-horse, nine or ten feet high, coming to a point at the top about four inches wide. The men sit on these and ride there from daylight till night, saving and excepting a rest of half an hour for breakfast, an hour for dinner, and half an hour for supper. The exercise, as may be judged, is not pleasant.—The "horses" are not provided with saddles, and the seats are not as "soft as downy pillows are." Some of the sinning equestrians manage to tuck their coat-tails under them for relief, but others, alas! wear roundabouts. A sentinel is stationed to prevent the riders from dismounting, and to hand them up water whenever they get thirsty.

THE MARCH.—A badly conducted march is more injurious to the health and morale of troops, than any other error that can be committed in the progress of a campaign. If a table of medical statistics could be formed from the history of various military campaigns, in which the casualties incident to a march were divided from those actually occurring in engagements, it would be found that a large proportion were due to causes which might have been easily prevented by the judicious management of the troops on a march. Military commanders have given to this subject too little reflection.—*Viele.*

MORE LIGHT.—The Government has made an arrangement to use the Calcium light at Fortress Monroe, and the apparatus will be set up on the parapets in a few days. This famous light possesses extraordinary illuminating power. One of the reflectors, which was once placed on the Latting Observatory in this city, cast a distinct shadow at Tarrytown, thirty miles distant. By the aid of this light, the garrison at Fortress Monroe will be able to detect any vessels that may attempt to pass the fortress at night, and give its artillery a distinct object on which to be effective, no matter how great the surrounding darkness.

SEIZURE OF TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.—At precisely 3 o'clock, P. M., on the 20th, the Government officers seized the accumulated telegrams (since Jan. 1), in every important office in the loyal States. The object was to see who was who, and what plans were being concocted, &c.

THE CHIVALRY.—A day or two since a couple of the Firemen Zouaves strolled over the Long Bridge into Virginia, when they came across a small party of Secession scouts. One of the "Lambs" beckoned a scout aside, asked him if he belonged to the "chivalry." The scout replying in the affirmative, the "Lamb" proceeded to examine him very minutely, taking off his cap, lifting up the skirt of his coat, &c.; after which he turned, as if disappointed, to his companion with, "Why, ——— it, Joe, he's just like other men!"

RIFLED CANNON.—The rifled cannon has, within a few years past, received a large amount of the attention of military men in both this country and Europe. So important was this weapon deemed that Armstrong, the inventor of an English gun, which at one time was supposed to be highly efficient, was knighted by the Queen. It would naturally be supposed that, when the advantages of the ordinary rifle had been discovered, it would only be necessary to apply the means which had been successful in this case, wrought on a larger scale, to the cannon, in order to meet with like success. But there is this important difference: The ball used with small arms is made of lead, which is soft enough to be expanded by the force of the powder so as to fill the grooves of the rifle, as in the Minie ball; but the cannon ball is of cast iron, and cannot be thus expanded; neither, in consequence of its greater momentum, can it be made to rotate with the grooves by means of a patch, as in the common rifle. Various expedients have been tried to overcome this difficulty. The Armstrong gun, which was a breech-loader, used balls which had a ring of lead cast around the middle, which was made a little larger than the bore of the gun. When, therefore, the ball was driven forward by the explosion of the powder, the leaden ring was swedged in the grooves of the gun, causing the ball to take on a rotary motion. But, when these guns were tried on the field of battle, it was found that the leaden rings were thrown off by the centrifugal motion of the balls, killing more of the British soldiers, over whose heads they were firing than of the enemy at whom they were aimed. It was, therefore, found necessary to withdraw them in the heat of battle.

The same difficulty seems likely to result from the use of some of the balls now attracting public attention. We hope that any of our volunteer regiments proposing to provide themselves with batteries of rifled cannon, as we learn some of them are intending, will be sure that adequate provision is made, in the projectiles adopted by them, for overcoming this difficulty. And we will here mention that a misconception seems to prevail largely upon this question of rifled cannon. It is in the projectile used, and not in the gun itself, that the most popular of these systems differ from each other. Any smooth bored cannon, which has never been injured by service, can be readily converted into a rifled cannon by simply cutting the requisite grooves, and such gun can be used with any projectile adapted to muzzle-loading cannon. There is, therefore, no necessity for paying these parties $1,000 for a gun no better than any of our shops would be glad to furnish for half the money.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Interesting news of the enterprising Dr. Livingstone has been received at the Cape through a Mr. Baldwin, who encountered the doctor at a Kaffir village, with his band of seventy Makololos. The whole party was in excellent health, and Dr. Livingstone would appear to have been most successful in his present expedition, having penetrated as far as latitude 14 deg. 1 min. S., where he found soil and climate suited for all kinds of tropical produce.

INDIA-RUBBER.—About 100,000 dollars worth of hard india-rubber, for the manufacture of combs, is imported annually from the United States into England.

LORD PALMERSTON has granted, out of the Queen's Bounty Fund, the sum of £100 to the two daughters of Mr. James De Foe, great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

M. DE LAMARTINE.—As a mark of respect for the literary talent of M. de Lamartine, the municipality of Paris some time ago presented him with a piece of ground near the Bois de Bouloge, and built him a house on it. This house the poet is about to occupy.

GOLD.—It is a singular fact that of the fifty-three millions in specie now held by the Banks and Sub-Treasury of New York, seventeen millions came from Europe and only thirteen millions from California. We have received more gold from Great Britain than from California during the six months past.

ALL the armed vessels of the United States in foreign countries have been called home—from the East India station, with the exception of a single ship; from the Brazil station entirely; from the coast of Africa, with the exception of one ship, the Saratoga; and from the Mediterranean Sea entirely. The squadron on the Pacific coast will remain there under the command of Capt. Montgomery.

THE Union State Convention in Maryland passed strong resolutions for an unconditional Union, and pledging the State to sustain the Government in the exercise of all its constitutional powers for a vigorous, active, and successful crushing out of the rebellion. There were only two dissenting votes.

THE ship Matilda, of Charleston, recently attempted to enter the port of Havre, France, with a palmetto flag flying—but she had to run up the stars and stripes.

THE vote in Western Virginia, so far as heard from, is very heavy for the Union.—Western Virginia is an exception to the order of the Postmaster General for the stoppage of the mails in the seceded States. Every facility will be afforded for postal accommodation in that section.

NOT a soldier has been *drafted* in the loyal States, and the supply of *volunteers* so far exceeds the demand, that all sorts of means are resorted to by the officers to get their men accepted. There is quite a quarrel in Philadelphia as to who shall go—and the West is complaining that the Eastern States are favored.

NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS.—A Washington correspondent says that two hundred and fifty thousand troops have now been mustered into the service of the Government, and are drawing pay and rations from it. Though not all thoroughly equipped, they soon will be, and a very large portion of them are now well-drilled.

AID FROM AMERICANS ABROAD.—A battery of twelve-pounder Whitworth guns, with ammunition and carriages complete, have arrived at New York, a present from a few patriotic gentlemen in Europe to the United States Government. Each of the guns bears this inscription:

"From loyal Americans in Europe to the United States Government. 1861."

Secretary Cameron has been informed that they are at his service. A number of gentlemen in London have notified the Secretary of War that they are about to ship three batteries of Armstrong rifled cannon, six, twelve, and twenty-four-pounders, with all equipments complete, of which they beg the acceptance of Government. This princely gift could not have cost the donors less than $200,000.

THE LATEST STYLE OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY.—It is whispered that a style of beauty is being affected and practiced by the *haute noblesse* in Paris—that of darkening the under eyelid with some preparation for the purpose of adding expression, as well as the Oriental almond shape to the eye. As this style must be *comme il faut*, we presume some young women will hunt up India ink and neutral tints, and make their dark eyes rival even those of Nourmahal.

"LADY DAVIS"—The statement that the wife of Jeff. Davis is the daughter of the late President Zachary Taylor is untrue. The first wife of Davis was Gen. Taylor's daughter—a right noble woman—but she has been dead many years. The present Mrs. Davis is the daughter of a prominent citizen of New Orleans, but originally from Philadelphia. Several of Mrs. Davis' relations in Philadelphia belong to the volunteer force of this city. It is reported that both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Beauregard are now in the North. Mrs. Davis was said to be recently at Easton, Pa., Mrs. Beauregard at Lynn.

THE banner of the British legion, in Gen. Sickles' brigade, is inscribed with the words—"We Come to Redeem our Forefathers." Whatever the British Government may do, the feelings of the British and Canadian peoples are decidedly with the Union.

A MISTAKEN MINISTER.—M. Fould, late Minister of State of the Emperor Napoleon, said the other day to an American, with whom he was transacting business, "Your Republic is dead, and it is the last Republic, most probably, the world will ever see. If you could not succeed with such unparalleled advantages in your favor, no other one can. You are going to have a Reign of Terror, and after that two or three monarchies." Wait a little, Mr. Fould.

SEVERAL United States merchant vessels have been captured by privateers in the Gulf. The Ocean Eagle, one of them, is valued at $20,000.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts are moderate, and the market without any quotable change to note since the close of last week. The sales of Flour for shipment reach some 6000 bbls at $5,50@5,62½ for standard and good straight superfine, including 1000 bbls good extra at $5,87½; 800 bbls extra family at $6,50@6,75—the latter for a selected brand. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the above range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, and $7@7,25 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, and the market quiet. Rye Flour is but little inquired for, with sales of 500 bbls to note, in lots, at $3,50 ℘ bbl. Corn Meal is firm but quiet at $2,87½ for Penna.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices under a steady demand, both for shipment and milling, are firm, with sales of about 28,000 bus to note at $1,35@1,38 for fair to good and prime Penna reds, $1,38@1,40 for choice lots, which are scarce, $1,40 for prime Southern do, and $1,40 to 1,60 for common to good and choice white. Rye is also steady, with sales of 3500 bus Penna, in lots, at 66@67c, mostly at the latter rate. Corn is lower, and rather more active at the decline, about 40,000 bus having been disposed of at 62@60c for prime Southern yellow, afloat, 60@58c for fair quality do, 60@58c for prime do, in store and in the cars, 54@55c for mixed, and 64@65c for white, afloat. Oats are also lower, and about 15,000 bus sold at 33½@30c for Southern, and the same rates for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally continues almost at a stand still, and prices are nearly nominal, Mess Pork selling in a small way only at $18@18,50, and City Mess Beef at $15@16 ℘ bbl. Bacon is dull at 11@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 9½@10c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders, and the sales limited. Of Green Meats the sales are also limited at 6@6½c for Shoulders, in salt; Sides are held at 9c, and Hams, in salt and pickle at 8@9c. Lard is in steady demand at 10c for tierces and barrels, and 11c for kegs; the sales are moderate. Butter moves off slowly at 8@12c ℘ lb, as in quality. Cheese is steady at 8½@9½c. Eggs are plenty, and sell at 8c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced, and holders are firm in their views, but there is little or no demand; a few small lots Uplands and Gulfs, taken within the range of 12@15c ℘ lb, chiefly cash.

ASHES—The market for both kinds is firm but inactive at previous quotations.

BARK—The receipts are light and the market steady, with further small sales at $26½ for first No 1, and $22½ for No 2, including 60 hhds of a better brand on terms kept private; the only sale of tanners' Bark we hear of is a lot of Spanish Oak at $12 ℘ cord.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is firm at 32c ℘ lb, with but little doing in the way of sales.

COAL—The demand both for shipment and home use is moderate for the season, and prices are steady and firm, with fair receipts.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and prices about ½c lower. Some 700 bags fair Rio at 12@12½c, and Laguayra in small lots at 13½@14c, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull and neglected, and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal limited at about previous rates.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is unsaleable, the season being about over, and no sales have come under our notice.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 15@20c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are unsaleable.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Metal. Sales of 600 tons Anthracite No 2 at $19, six months, which is a decline. The market is dull, and prices range at $20@21 for No 1, and $19@20 for No 2 on time, with small sales at the latter rates. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms and Boiler Iron are also quiet, and prices nominally unchanged. There is no alteration in Bars and Rails.

LEAD is dull and unsettled. An arrival of 1000 Pigs Galena was taken at $5,20 the 100 lbs, cash, which is a decline.

LUMBER—There is no change in white or yellow Pine Boards, and very little doing in the way of sales. Susquehanna Boards range at $12@15; Hemlock raft lumber sells at $6@6½, Lehigh Boards at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled and drooping.

MOLASSES continues depressed and dull, and the only sales we hear of are 174 bbls fair Orleans at 32c, on time.

PLASTER is plenty and dull, but we hear of no recent sales. We quote soft at $2,25 ℘ ton.

RICE—The sales are in a retail way only at 6@6½c ℘ lb, usual terms.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover or Timothy offering or selling, and prices are altogether nominal. The same may be said of Flaxseed.

SPIRITS—The market for Brandy is firmer, but there is very little doing, and no quotable change in prices. Gins are steady, and Rum and Whiskey very inactive. We quote the latter at 16@17c for bbls, and the sales limited. Drudge has been selling in a small way at 16@16½c, and hhds at 16½@17c ℘ gal.

SUGARS—The market is inactive, and prices about the same as last week; a few small sales, chiefly Cuba, are reported at 4½@5½c, on time.

TALLOW is firmer, and rather more active, at 9¼c for City, and 8¼@8½c for Country rendered.

TOBACCO—The market is inactive but firm, most of the dealers being well supplied with stock.

WOOL—There is no change in the market, and a limited inquiry for the medium and low grades, but the sales are mostly in a small way at irregular prices, including 13,000 lbs pulled, on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized were from $8 to 9¼ ℘ cwt. 40 Cows brought from $23 to 38 ℘ head. 4500 Sheep were sold at from $4¼ to 4½ ℘ cwt, gross. 850 Hogs sold at from $5½ to 6¼ ℘ cwt, net.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER,

Taken internally, cures sudden Colds, Coughs, &c.; Weak Stomach, General Debility, Nursing Sore Mouth, Cankered Mouth or
Throat, Liver Complain, Dyspepsia or
Indigestion, Cramp and Pain in
the Stomach, Bowel Com-
plaint, Painters' Colic,
Asiatic Cholera,
Diarrhœa and Dysentery,
* APPLIED EXTERNALLY CURES

Felons, Boils and Old Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, severe Burns and Scalds, Swelling of the Joints, Ringworm and Tetter, Broken Breasts, Frosted Feet and Chilblains, Toothache and Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. This medicine has been in use fifteen years, and has obtained a better reputation than any other medicine ever offered to the public. We do not deem it necessary to say much in its favor, as one small bottle will do more to convince you of its efficacy than all the advertisements in the world. Give it one fair trial, and you would not be without it for ten times its cost.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN DINNEN, to Mrs. ROSE PATTEN, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 8th of May, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. THOMAS F. NICHOLAS, to Miss EMMA L. CRESS, both of this city.

On May 14th, 1861, by the Rev. Jos. Perry, Mr. JOHN W. MARTIN, M. D. to Mrs. ELIZABETH B. NOTT, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Jackson, CHARLES F. ROBERTSON, to Miss ANNIE E. STRATTON, both of this city.

On the 12th of August, 1860, by the Rev. G. W. Bartine, Mr. JOSEPH KNOUS, to Miss MARY E. WINDLE, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. ISAAC C. STEVENSON, of Baltimore, to Miss EMMA D. DENNEY, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 8th of March, by the Rev. R. T. Jackson, Col. R. T. STEVENS, of New York, to Miss LOUISE LAMBSBACK, of this city.

On the 24th of April, by the Rev. John Thompson, JOSEPH S. SKELTONIZETH, of Bridesburg, to SUSAN MCILCON, of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, WILLIAM BEDELL, in his 49th year.

On the morning of the 21st ultimo, ANN W. wife of Joshua H. Morris, and daughter of Thos. Wistar, of Abington, in her 38th year.

On Monday, the 20th ultimo, BEATON SMITH, Esq., Secretary of the Penna. Fire Insurance Co., in his 58th year.

On Saturday, the 18th ultimo, CLEMENT BROOKE, in his 78th year.

On the morning of the 20th ultimo, HENRY LEEDS, in his 55th year.

On the 17th ultimo, MARY A. wife of Joseph Boker.

On Friday, the 17th ultimo, THOMAS PRICHETT, in his 77th year.

In Rome, Italy, April 23d, 1861, JOHN WURTS, of the city of New York.

On the 18th ultimo, WILLIAM HENRY, son of Wm. P. and Mary Reeder, in his 21st year.

On the 17th ultimo, THOMAS CASHMAN, in his 41st year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN C. wife of Alex. F. Crozier, in her 32d year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 25, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	— dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	20 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	3 dis.
Kentucky	10 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	— dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	25 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	20 to 25 dis.
Mississippi	—		

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.

The regular course of Lectures in this institution will *commence* on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and *continue* until the First of March, 1862.

The Commencement will take place early in March.

FEES.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean,
my18eow10t 1320 Vine Street.

UNION ENVELOPES AND LETTER HEADINGS.

Best quality, note and letter size, with beautiful devices and appropriate mottoes, elegantly printed in colors, will be sent by mail, postage paid, at the rate of 50 cents per hundred or $4,50 per thousand. A. M. SPANGLER & CO.,
Farmer and Gardener office, No. 25 N. 6th St.,
my25-2t Philadelphia.

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AND
THE WORKING FARMER,
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Its cheapest subscription price *alone* is TWO DOLLARS A YEAR; but in order to increase the circulation of both Publications, we will furnish them together for that price. *Send four red stamps for a specimen copy.*

THE WORKING FARMER.

The Senior Editor of the Working Farmer, Prof. J. J. Mapes, and his Assistants and Contributors, are mainly devoted to practical Agricultural pursuits, and will furnish the results of their experience for the benefit of their readers. For Specimen Copies, apply to
CHAS. V. MAPES, Agricultural Warehouse,
126 and 128 Nassau and 11 Beekman St., N. Y.
ap27 tf

Burnett's Kalliston for the Toilet.

The Proprietors are permitted to copy the following letter written by a lady from Vienna.

* * * * * As old travellers we bear the annoyance and privations incident to journeyings with composure, but I have suffered more from the exhaustion of my supply of *Kalliston*, than from any other cause. If any good friend should be coming out here, do pray, send me enough to last me until I get home again. You can have no idea of the relief and comfort it brings when one is suffering from exposure. I have tried other 'appliances,' but have found nothing that will compare with it for efficacy or agreeableness."

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.
Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oc20-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium send for a circular, giving full information.
ap27-10t T. T. SEELYE, M. D., Proprietor.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

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All orders should be addressed to

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THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.:
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

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Wit and Humor.

A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrrha," said he with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you knew my wife?"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for man to be alone?"

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other till death do them part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolations, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

She blushed and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes; I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now I have had but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write the headings of the chapters, I will give you five dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged first and then I won't; you—you—"

She left the room, not being able to express her feelings. The widower sighed, took his has and went home. He has not yet published, nor *proposed*. It was a pity to be so misunderstood.

"Bating" the Horse.—A gentleman travelling in a one-horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Hanging the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man to "take his horse to the stable, and bait him." "Sure an' I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good care, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?" "Only what yer honor ordered me." "He don't look as if he had anything to eat." "Is it ate your honor said?" "To be sure." "Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More betoken your honor tould me to bate the beast, not to ate him." "Why you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?" "Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with me stick, and bate him till me arm was used out!"

Dr. Garth and Mickey.—Of the stories preserved of Garth's social humor, some are exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at a coffee-house, he found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence, until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legibility:—

"I would write you more by this post, but there's a tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman, in a fury. "Do you think I looked over your letter?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you."

"Ay, but you have put it down for all that."

"'Tis impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

The Backslider.—While attending a meeting during a revival some time ago, I witnessed the following bad 'un. The subject in motion was backsliding. Every one was excited: every one wished to say something about it; one gentleman in particular, with more zeal than prudence, rushed up to a toperish looking individual on the back seat, and grasping him by the arm, earnestly inquired,

"My dear friend, you are a backslider, are you not?"

"Why, yaas," responded the toper, dryly, "I hev slid back some, considering the wall; ef that want thar, I, might possibly squeeze another foot. Why, is thar eny hurry?"

The subject was dropped.

Too Bad.—Miss Betsy Pearl is "fair, fat and forty," and unmarried. She manages to obtain an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of "notions" in the lower part of the city. She is a spruce old dame, and, among other articles, vends spruce beer. One evening a customer called for a glass of the beverage, inquiring at the same time if it was new made beer.

"No," exclaimed a waggish bystander, just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative; "I can assure you it is old maid beer."

The wag was seen suddenly to leave the lady's premises with a glass flying after him.

TO THE POET'S SWEETHEART.

There are some eyes like mountain lakes,
Reflecting heaven's blue;
And some like black volcano gulfs,
With wild fire flashing through.

But thine are like the eternal skies
Which draw the soul afar;
Thy every glance a meteor,
And every thought a star.

I've rifled lips like cherries sweet,
(Light sin to him who stole,)
But thine are like the Eden fruit
Whose theft may cost a soul.

Oh, coral fruit of Paradise!
Who would not grasp the prize,
With heaven so near to win him back
In those eternal eyes?

THE PATH OF DUTY.

Duty and usefulness protect a man in the midst of danger. The man who has a work to do will live to do it. "Fear not, boatman," said the illustrious Roman in the storm; "you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." The marksman in battle could not hit our heaven-shielded Washington. It was no idle superstition on the part of Napoleon that his destiny preserved him from bullets.

A story is related of William of Orange which illustrates this truth. This ablest and most virtuous of the sovereigns of England—we might almost say of modern Europe—was accustomed to expose himself in battle in a manner which seemed to his followers unwarrantable and reckless. But he did it, not recklessly, but reverently. Macaulay relates that, at the siege of Namur, while the King was coolly giving his orders under a shower of bullets, he saw with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, who had come to head-quarters on business, and could not resist the curiosity to witness a battle. Such curiosity William could not endure.

"Mr Godfrey," he said, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here."

"Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more risk than your Majesty."

"Not so," said William; "I am where it is my duty to be; and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you—"

While they were talking, a cannon ball fell and laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

The Blessing of Sunshine.—A north light is cold, searching, and unsentimental, and tries both complexion and the heart; it reveals grey hairs and the first faint footprints of the bird of ill-omen in the corners of the eye, with appalling distinctness. The flowers on the carpet are duller, for it has not a tint to lend; except the light of early morning nothing is less complimentary than a northern morning. But a room that the sun is not permitted to look into at all should be without a door—it is unfit for human occupancy. Even the flowers will grow pale and be frightened to death in it. The primary object of a window is not for the sons of man to look out, but for the sun to look in. Pleasant sunshine not only brightens a man's buttons, but his heart; it makes his spirits as cheerful as the landscape. He cannot live and be happy—he cannot be happy without it. White is not beauty, any more than a melancholy blue is the "color of virtue," and yet the insane dodging of the sun has its origin in some such optical delusion.

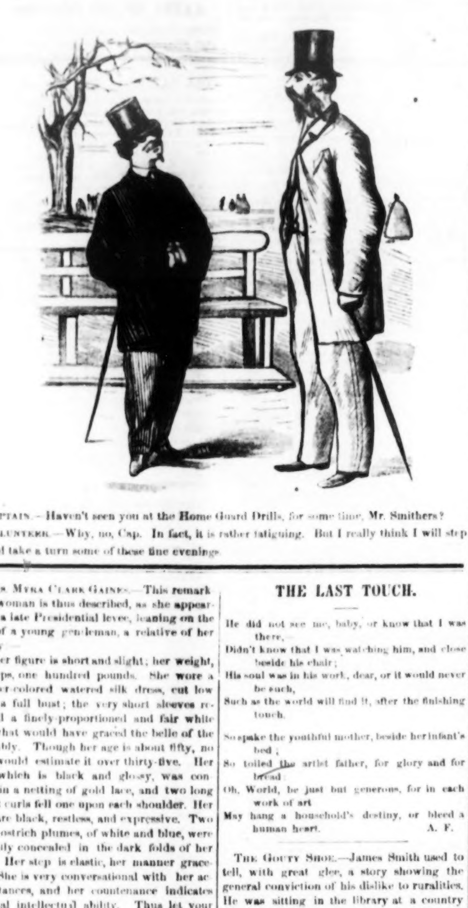
High Steppers.—High stepping carriage horses are now scarce, though greatly prized in London, and the world wonders why they are not more to be met with. This is simply an affair of training. In the north of Germany, whence these horses are chiefly imported, you may frequently see the animals exercising on the high roads, caparisoned like the knight's charger of old with heavy clothing, wearing no blankets but large spectacles. These spectacles are strong magnifiers, and each pebble, to the eyes of the deluded quadruped, appears a granite boulder; so in his youth and ignorance, he lifts up his legs high in the air to avoid their contact, and thus contracts the habit of high-stepping so much admired, and for which amateurs pay unheard-of prices.

Apropos to this, the Kentuckian said of his wife, that she was "a high stepper and a gentle goer," and a high spirited yet gentle woman will often be found a high stepper.

Increase in the Production of Silver.—Statements have appeared saying that a great increase may be expected in the production of silver. It is said that the metal exists in immense quantities, in the form of a natural oxyde, in the neighborhood of metallic deposits, and that a ton of ore, which formerly yielded 13 ounces of metal, may, by an improved and inexpensive process, be made to yield from 54 to 216 ounces. There are in Cornwall millions of tons of gozzans containing silver, the extraction of which in this country does not pay unless it yields 10 to 12 ounces, and that as much as 54 ounces can be obtained by the new process, which, besides yielding an enormous profit to the capitalists, will open a field of productive industry for hundreds of laborers.

Life's Balm.—God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff *there!* Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait *His* time, instead of demanding our own imperative *now!* Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking. Be the sky bright or cloudy, could we only *trust!* Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me?" stifle, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson—"God over all!"

☞ He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.—*Proverbs* xxix. 1.



CAPTAIN.—Haven't seen you at the Home Guard Drills, for some time, Mr. Smithers?

VOLUNTEER.—Why, no, Cap. In fact, it is rather fatiguing. But I really think I will step in and take a turn some of these fine evenings.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines.—This remarkable woman is thus described, as she appeared at a late Presidential levee, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, a relative of her family:—

"Her figure is short and slight; her weight, perhaps, one hundred pounds. She wore a Quaker-colored watered silk dress, cut low over a full bust; the very short sleeves revealed a finely-proportioned and fair white arm, that would have graced the belle of the assembly. Though her age is about fifty, no one would estimate it over thirty-five. Her hair, which is black and glossy, was confined in a netting of gold lace, and two long bright curls fell one upon each shoulder. Her eyes are black, restless, and expressive. Two small ostrich plumes, of white and blue, were partially concealed in the dark folds of her hair. Her step is elastic, her manner graceful. She is very conversational with her acquaintances, and her countenance indicates unusual intellectual ability. Thus let your readers form a conception of Mrs. Gaines, as with a magnificent white camelia upon her bosom, she glided round and round amid the gay and happy throng in the great east room of the President's mansion."

American Singers in a Queer Place.—Letters from Cook's Archipelago give a glowing account of the success of a strolling company of American singers called "The Alleghanians," who have been giving a grand concert in the Island of Hawaii, which entertainment was attended by the King, Makea, all his grandees, and some 2,000 of his lieges. The sales of tickets yielded 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 16,000 cocoa nuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bushels of bananas, 600 pumpkins and 2,700 oranges. The fortunate artistes were a day and a half in embarking their "receipts." The concert consisted of a vocal quatuor and various morceaux executed upon bells of different sizes, from the dimensions of a thimble to those of a bucket. The savages who composed the auditory listened in open-mouthed and motionless admiration to the performance of the march from "Norma;" and at the close of the entertainment one of the principal personages rose and gravely complimented the musicians by saying, "We shall never forget you."

The Bite of Rabid Animals not Generally Followed by Hydrophobia.—A fact well worthy of notice is mentioned in the last annual statistics furnished by the General Hospital of Vienna. It would appear that out of 115 persons bitten by animals whose rabid state was clearly made out, only 25 died with symptoms of hydrophobia. As, however, the actual and precise length of the period of incubation in rabies is not known, these figures cannot be completely relied upon; but it is highly useful to note the comparatively small proportion of deaths which occurred after the well ascertained inoculation with the poison.

☞ Those Western folks are famous for new ideas. In a late number of a St. Louis paper we find a novel style of advertisement—as follows:—

Engaged.—Miss Louise Daily, milliner, to John Mowry, carpenter, both of this city.

Why not adopt the fashion elsewhere. How popular a newspaper would be among the young misses if it contained a column or so daily of such announcements. There is nothing near so fascinating in births, marriages or deaths. But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

☞ "Jeannie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

☞ Wealth has its sorrows, as well as poverty. We heard Dives, who has everything he can wish for, complaining bitterly the other day. "I have a pair of most inconvenient horses," he said, lamenting, "they jib going up hill and bolt going down hill."

☞ Profligacy in taking office is so extreme that we have no doubt public men may be found who, for half a century, would postpone all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended upon the propagation of the virus.

THE LAST TOUCH.

He did not see me, baby, or know that I was there,
Didn't know that I was watching him, and close beside his chair;
His soul was in his work, dear, or it would never be such,
Such as the world will find it, after the finishing touch.
So spake the youthful mother, beside her infant's bed;
So toiled the artist father, for glory and for bread.
Oh, World, be just but generous, for in each work of art
May hang a household's destiny, or bleed a human heart.
A. F.

The Gouty Shoe.—James Smith used to tell, with great glee, a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll in the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now." "Well, and what then?" "What then? Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you really have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

☞ An old lady stepped into one of the stores of New Haven the other day, and after looking for some time at a pile of water pipes lying in the gutter, exclaimed:

"It is indeed an awful state of things when we are obliged to have cannons piled up in our streets."

Useful Receipts.

The Virtues of Borax.—The washwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water: all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.—*Exchange Paper.*

Rats.—To drive and keep rats from corn-cribs and granaries, place some gas-tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once. The tar can be obtained at any place where gas is manufactured for burning, at about six cents per gallon, and a gallon will drive them from the premises.

Parisian Mode of Roasting Apples.—Select the largest apples; scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

To Cure Scrofulous Sore Eyes.—Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea; drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure.

Transparencies.—A piece of strong linen silk, &c., stretched on a wooden frame, is done over with a solution of white wax in oil of turpentine, and during the operation a chafing-dish is placed below it, that the liquid may be everywhere equally diffused. Any figures, &c., are then delineated on the cloth, silk, &c., with colors, mixed up with spirits of turpentine.

Shepherds' Dogs.—It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forrest street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte street, as if making for his house: it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I dinna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He did't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

☞ We do not know the author of the following sensible couplet, in which there is as much truth as poetry:—

When you rise from your dinner as light as before,
'Tis a sign you've eat just enough and no more.

Agricultural.

CROWS AMONG CORN.

One mode of ridding a corn-field of crows is to give them a little strychnine before the corn is up. The crow is such a nuisance—destroying the nests of all small birds—that we cannot say a word in its favor; though he sometimes does a good act, catching mice, and moles, &c.

But if any man have scruples about using poison to destroy an enemy, let them wet their seed corn in tar and water. Many farmers tell us they find this effectual, and that crows will drop the corn from their bills as soon as they smell tar.

A third mode is to hang up scarecrows. But crows are not easily scared with old blankets, hats, and bunting, and it is not safe to trust to show alone. Crows can see what is inside of an old coat, or jacket, as quick as people can. And though horses are often scared by such sights the crows know better.

But there is an easier mode than any of these to keep the crows away. Draw a white cotton twine around the field, hitched to stakes four feet high. A large field should have the twine cross it in several places—say into acre lots.

The twine should be drawn around the field so as to embrace every rod of the corn land—for if any is left outside the line the crows will venture there and not fear a net.

Another point is to put up the twine before the field is planted, for when they have once tasted the corn, no twine in the shape of a net will keep them away.

Some farmers draw their lines on the tops of high poles; but low ones are better and more easily set.

The cost of twine enough for half a dozen acres is but a few cents, and it is worth more than half price after it has been out a month or more.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

REARING CALVES AND LAMBS.

It sometimes happens that a young lamb will become so chilled from cold and want of care, that it will appear almost lifeless, and it will be necessary to carry it to the house to warm it. Give it a little milk with a spicing of black pepper in it, but do not put any molasses into the milk; it is very injurious. Where milk cannot readily be obtained, gruel made of wheat flour, is a very good substitute. If there is a tendency to looseness, charcoal or coal from the fireplace pounded fine and sifted, will regulate the bowels immediately; put it in the milk and the lamb never will know it.

I raised a pair of calves with the milk of one cow, by making gruel of Indian meal and water, and kept them in good order by putting pounded coal into their food, and they made a good stout pair of cattle.

I agree with your correspondent R. S. T., that calves will thrive just as well to *drink* their milk as they will to *suck* it from the cow, provided they have as *good* milk. It is usually the case if a calf is to be raised, that the milk is carried to the house and "set" twelve or twenty-four hours, and the cream taken off, which reduces its quality.

If a sheep eats something by which it is poisoned, fine salt is a good remedy; a sheep will refuse to eat it and it must be put down. Last summer we raised a lamb "by hand," and as it ran about freely, it came upon some high laurel which the children had brought to the house for the beauty of its blossoms, and ate some of it, as we suppose; it was found frothing at the mouth and refused to drink; its throat seemed swollen so that it swallowed with difficulty. Some fine salt was given, which caused it to vomit; afterwards we gave salt and water several times. It was three days before it got so as to drink milk as usual.

For the "stretches," I have found lard and molasses a good remedy. Melt it together about equal parts and give it warm; four spoonfuls at a time is enough.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Detecting Frozen Seed Corn.—John G. Stranahan, Macomb Co., Mich., writes that seed corn injured by freezing, may be detected by closely examining the part of the hull covering the germ of the kernel. When uninjured, the thin skin or hull is smooth over the whole kernel, but if injured by frost, it will be loosened from the kernel, particularly at the germ. It is important to take every precaution in this matter, as hundreds of acres fail every year from imperfection in the seed, much of which is undoubtedly caused by having been frosted before dry. In all cases it is better to sprout a little before planting, to test its goodness.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 4, 23, 2, 17, 32, 35, 39, 25, 56, is one of the United States.
My 6, 14, 20, 24, 52, 54, 3, 30, is a county in South Carolina.
My 28, 1, 41, 18, 43, 37, 19, 12, is a town in Texas.
My 38, 33, 26, 46, 11, 45, 42, 50, 2, is a lake in Louisiana.
My 36, 5, 7, 21, is a town in Austria.
My 4, 11, 22, 51, is a cape in Africa.
My 45, 10, 15, 29, 47, 41, is an island east of China.
My 53, 54, 55, 56, is one of the United States.
My 21, 31, 13, 15, 23, 8, 9, is a town in Maine.
My 27, 50, 21, 40, 43, is a county in Michigan.
My 32, 20, 16, 31, 39, 34, is a town in Russia.
My 48, 25, 14, 45, 49, is a river in England.
My 41, 44, 4, 19, is a river in Egypt.

My whole is the motto of one of the United States. EDWARD NEWTON.

Newport, R. I.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When troubles gather thick and fast,
And sorrow o'er our soul is cast,
Our heart with pain and grief might burst,
But for the love of my true first.

If you a wanderer chance to be,
And travel much upon the sea,
There with grace and sprightly mien
My second you have often seen.

My whole's a thing that we should prize,
Above all things below the skies.

Jeffersonville, Vt. J. T. S.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our noble army shields my name, required am I for war,
Recruits I lead and register by military law;
I'm with them from the very first, their drill I ever tend,
The sergeant, too, who gives the word, doth on my aid depend.
Both General and corporal observe me with regard,
And by each fifer I am seen within the barrack yard.
Without me not a drum is heard, nor clarion sounding shrill,
Nor could our colors wave aloft save by my power and will.
In batteries I'm ever found, in forts and towers I dwell,
But yet I like our barracks best, though why I will not tell.
I'm with the soldier on the march, and also on parade,
With officers of every rank, with troops of every grade.
I gird with scimetar and sword, with sabre and with spear,
And some there be that sympathize, who view me with a tear;
For when I hear the call to arms, I'm ready in reply,
With wondrous courage to advance amid the direful cry;
And when the word is given to charge, I aid to rouse the brave,
And should the soldier fall, I help to form his martial grave.
When war has ceased I sit in court the brave to recommend,
Helping to make them pensioners until life's furlough ends.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 4 acres pasture 40 sheep 4 weeks, and 8 acres pasture 56 sheep 10 weeks, how many sheep will 20 acres pasture 50 weeks, the grass growing uniformly all the time?

☞ An answer is requested.

Middleport.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a cistern in the form of a conical frustum, 14 inches in diameter at the top, 36 inches in diameter at the bottom, and 60 inches deep, which is full of water. If it be turned over till a straight line drawn from the lower edge of the top to the upper edge of the bottom, exactly coincides with the surface of the water at every point, how many solid inches of the water will be poured out?

☞ An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ To whom is the hater of his species invariably wedded? Ans.—To Mis An Thropy.

☞ At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? Ans.—At the point of the bayonet.

☞ Who is the first woman mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Jenny Sis.

☞ What must always be calculated upon when we paint our houses? Ans.—A brush with the painter.

☞ Why cannot high currents run away? Ans.—Because they are tide waters.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—All's Not Gold that Glitters. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Visit of the Prince of Wales. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Peoria, Illinois. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—General Winfield Scott. CHARADE.—Anderson. DOUBLE REBUS.—Nanling in China. (Ngami, Aleutian, Nunnivac, Lough-neagh, Illimani, Nankin, Garda.) CHARADE.—Braddock.

Answer to PUZZLE published March 30th. Zaphnath-paaneah, Gen. 41-45.

Answer to J. F. Hume's PROBLEM published April 27th. Length of rope 36,05. D. Binns, Jr., Richmond, Ind.

QUESTION for the Readers of the Saturday Evening Post. Where are Gahmew and Alpha? An answer is requested. HARP.

☞ A new telegraphic communication is to take place from the government offices in London direct to their ambassador in Paris.